VOL. 47 NO. 5
MAY 1960

For Mother

Christie Lund Coles

After these many years her lips still shape
Her words with a faint Scandinavian mark . . .
The native tongue she spoke for twenty years;
And now her hair is white, which once was dark

And heavy, falling to her firm and slender waist;
The color whipped into her high cheeks by
The ocean winds, the cold and Northern clime,
Is faded into pallor; her slim hands, lie

Quite still, which once made lace, and kneaded bread.
Her footsteps are unsure which one day ran,
And served us with unfailing steadiness.
She has grown old. Age is the fate of man.

Yet, still within my heart my mother holds
A spot which is forever fair and young;
For she is not this woman aged, alone—
But many different women, all unsung.

A friend in joy and sorrow, and a nurse
In illness . . . gentle, patient, true;
A saint of understanding in our pain,
A gay companion when our youth was new.

A keeper of the home where all who came
Found warmth and food heaped high, and more,
The sustenance of strength, her hope, her faith,
Her kindliness which opened like a door.
To all who needed kindness. Life has not
Left her unscarred, nor spared her its dark tears,
So I, who have the meager gift of words,
Bring her this gift for the gift of all her years.

The Cover: Mount Elbert, Colorado's Highest Peak
Courtesy Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company
Submitted by Daisy R. Romney

Frontispiece: Tulip Blossoms, Photograph by Don Knight

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press.

From Near and Far

Each month I look forward to receiving *The Relief Society Magazine*. I always find many interesting articles and pictures in it. In the July (1959) issue is a picture of the Susquehanna River. I find this very interesting as I have made a number of oil paintings of this same river. I am a visiting teacher and I find the lessons very interesting and inspiring. I hope to be a subscriber to the *Magazine* long enough to have my name mentioned in the Birthday Congratulations—which will be many years from now.

—Lola M. Tetzner
Waterloo, Iowa

For some time I have desired to write and compliment you on our lovely *Magazine*. Like my husband, I agree that it is one of the best magazines published. And it has the very best stories. It seems a long time to wait for the continued stories. "Grandpa's Red Suspenders" (Second Prize Story, February 1960) by Myrtle M. Dean was so refreshing and contained such wisdom. It could be read in every home where the commandments *honor thy father and thy mother* should be taught. The poetry is nice and the lessons and editorials are excellent.

—Ruth T. Clark
Thornton, Idaho

We have enjoyed the lovely contest poems and stories this year, especially Mrs. Roberts' "Immigrant's Child" (first prize poem), with its warmth of subject and its timeless style of expression; and Mrs. Robinson's "The Fishbite Story," in which she has so adeptly combined childlike humor with a moving example of faith in action. The 1960 covers are giving us some wonderful vicarious journeys. The lithographing is flawless.

—Iris W. Schow
Brigham City, Utah

I surely enjoyed "The Fishbite Story" (third prize story, March 1960) by Dorothy Clapp Robinson.

—Marguerite McNamara
Iona, Idaho

I loved "The Fishbite Story" by Dorothy Clapp Robinson, the third prize story, March 1960. Even my grandchildren enjoyed it. Her descriptive ability is wonderful, and her stories are so interesting. I am always happy to see her work in the *Magazine*.

—Nina Olsen
Iona, Idaho

I am very happy and thankful that Mrs. Elizabeth Hogan is sending *The Relief Society Magazine* to me. I surely appreciate her kindness. I love to attend Relief Society meetings. We are snowbound — had no meeting tonight (March 9, 1960). I live in Nauvoo, Illinois. My dear mother was a friend of Emma Smith, wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith. I am ninety-six years old and have spent many pleasant hours reading the *Magazine*. The story "A Is for Apron" (August, September, and October 1959, by Ilene H. Kingsbury) touched my heart. Many thanks for the good *Magazine*.

—Sophia Harsch
Nauvoo, Illinois

At the present time I am serving as a missionary in the Finnish Mission, and on a number of occasions have had to speak in various meetings. Wanting some ideas for subjects, I have turned to *The Relief Society Magazine* for help, always finding such wonderful ideas.

—Maxine Kershaw
Joensuu, Finland

I wish to thank you for the very wonderful, inspiring, and uplifting lessons we receive through Relief Society and our *Magazine*. I continually marvel at how these lessons, though written for so many, seem to speak to each one of us individually. Each message seems to be meant just for me! How can we go wrong if we but heed the wisdom to be found in *The Relief Society Magazine*?

—Winnifred Billquist
Deer Lodge, Montana

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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What the Gospel Means to Me

Irene B. Woodford
Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE burning of two rooms of a small town school in Canada in February of 1943 started a sequence of events which culminated in my conversion to the gospel. The combining of classes necessitated by the fire resulted in one teacher being left without a room or students. Since the neighboring school in which I taught had been without a principal for two weeks, this teacher was asked to fill the position.

A few days after his arrival, a friend voiced her suspicion that the new principal was a Mormon. I knew practically nothing about the Mormons — but I nevertheless sincerely hoped that he was not one of them. However, he was.

Our Mormon principal soon found opportunity to have some gospel conversation with me, and I knew immediately by the testimony of the spirit that he had the truth. I felt a great and impelling urge to know more of the things of which he spoke. After four months of avidly studying the gospel and storing my mind with its wondrous truths, I became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

How deeply grateful I am that the Lord blessed me with the opportunity of hearing the gospel of his beloved Son, Jesus Christ. The knowledge and understanding I now have of God and his divine plan for the eternal progression and exaltation of his children are the joy and strength of my life. I know that God lives and that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world. I know that Joseph Smith was the instrument in God's hands to restore the fulness of the gospel to the earth in these latter days.

The earth was created that we, the spirit children of God the Eternal Father, might each receive a tabernacle of flesh and have opportunity for development and growth during a period of mortal probation. While in this life we suffer a spiritual death by being shut out from the presence of God, that we might learn to walk by faith. In due time we also experience mortal death in the departure of the spirit from the temporal body. A Savior was provided who freely gave his life that we might live again. Through his infinite atonement the bands of death are broken, and we receive the free gift of resurrection and immortality to enjoy forever the kind of life we have prepared ourselves to receive.

There is, however, a great difference between the immortality given to all men, good or bad, and the individual salvation gained only through obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel. For those who accept the atoning sacrifice of the Savior and obey the gospel, who are valiant in their testimony and faithful to the end, God has prepared an exaltation and eternal glory beyond our present comprehension. Through baptism by water and by the spirit, we enter the gateway to the celestial kingdom. There now must follow a steadfast pressing forward along the straight and narrow

path of obedience to all the other laws and ordinances, if we would realize the blessing of eternal life.

This understanding of the purpose of life makes one keenly conscious of the commandments of God and their transcendent importance in one's life. Each of us has the obligation to seek and know the truth, for we cannot be saved in ignorance. Consequently, membership in the Church and kingdom of God is a priceless possession, not to be taken for granted nor treated with indifference, for it is only within the Church that we can receive the truth and live completely in accordance with it.

THE most glorious and exalting ordinance to be received as we press forward in our progression is marriage for eternity in the temple. Compliance with this ordinance is necessary for the gaining of exaltation.

> Companionship of husband and wife is a divinely appointed means of mutual betterment; and according to the measure of holy love, mutual respect and honor with which that companionship is graced and sanctified, do men and women develop toward the spiritual status of God, (Quoted anonymously by Louise Y. Robison, "Marriage for Eternity," ARCHIBALD F. BENNETT: *Saviors on Mount Zion*, page 188).

For those who desire to attain unto God's glorious promises, the gospel becomes the dominant, motivating force of life, its influence permeating thoughts, hopes, aspirations, and actions. This influence is felt in the choice of friends and companions, "For intelligence cleaveth unto intelligence; wisdom receiveth wisdom; truth embraceth truth; virtue loveth virtue; light cleaveth unto light . . . (D & C 88:40). Living the gospel brings control of appetites and passions, maintains moral cleanliness, and leads to the overcoming of evil propensities. Through its refining influence, Christ-like attributes of patience, tolerance, meekness, kindness, humility, long-suffering, courage, and righteousness are developed. Through faith, study, and prayer, spirituality grows.

The great key to happiness and to personal growth and development is service to fellow men. King Benjamin said, "when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God." To live the gospel of Jesus Christ truly and conform our lives to its teachings, we must dedicate ourselves to the work of the Lord. Thus, service in the Church is part of the life of a Latter-day Saint. What joy we experience in knowing that someone's life has been enriched and blessed through our efforts! The happiest families are those engaged in Church work, for those who serve willingly are the recipients of peace of mind, one of the priceless blessings of life. The reward of unselfish service has been told by the Lord, ". . . whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it" (Mt. 16:25).

There are innumerable opportunities to render kind, unselfish service. There is first of all the home, where we dedicate our time and talents, our love and kindness, in looking after the needs and promoting the happiness of those who are so dear to us. There are the auxiliary organizations of the Church, such as the Primary, Y.W.M.I.A., and Sunday School, with their many needs

for teachers to instruct, inspire, and, in other ways, influence for good the youth of the Church.

THE great service organization of the Church is our own beloved Relief Society. President McKay said of Relief Society:

> The most beautiful and undoubtedly the most efficient organization in the realm of service, is the National Women's Relief Society. Through this channel, your myriad deeds of mercy sparkle like gems in a crown (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1958, pp. 792-93).

My first call to serve in Relief Society was as a visiting teacher, and my next-door neighbor was in my district. My companion and I called at her home one day, discussed the message, and left. The next day she said to me, "You have no idea how important your visit was yesterday. I had a problem with a friend, and I did not know what to do about it until I heard the message. It gave me the answer to my problem."

This experience made me appreciate more fully the privilege of being a visiting teacher. Other opportunities I have had to serve in Relief Society have brought great joy into my life. The privilege I now have of meeting Relief Society sisters throughout the stakes of the Church gives me an association with wonderful women, choice spirits of our Heavenly Father, many of whom have endured trials and adversity and have held fast to the faith. They are stalwarts of the Church, strong in their convictions of the truthfulness of the gospel, gracious and kind in their manner. Such sisters are a strength and an inspiration to all who know them.

Still another great opportunity for service, and a responsibility that rests upon all of us is that of missionary work. ". . . it becometh every man who hath been warned to warn his neighbor" (D & C 88:81). The great privilege of filling a full-time mission or a stake mission comes to many, but not to all. This, however, does not deprive us of the opportunity of being missionaries. Neither a stake nor a full-time missionary ever called at my door. I am a member of the Church because a working associate took the opportunity to present the gospel to me.

A friend of mine prior to her marriage worked in a department store. She was a convert to the Church and had a strong conviction of the truthfulness of the gospel. However, she did not feel that her co-workers would be interested in her faith and so refrained from mentioning it to them. Several years later one of these women came to her and said, "You had the gospel when we worked together. Why did you not tell me about it?" She had recently joined the Church, but she regretted the lost years when she could have been enjoying the blessings of Church membership. Opportunities to assist in the saving of souls come to all of us, whether it be in explaining the gospel to our next-door neighbor, the stranger we meet in our travels, or in strengthening our brothers and sisters in the Church who are weak in the faith.

Probably the most unselfish of all Church service is that of work for our ancestors. Many hours, months, and years are spent by faithful and devoted members of the Church in gathering the records of their dead and performing the saving ordinances in their behalf in

the holy temple. The responsibility for this work rests upon us all, "For their salvation is necessary and essential to our salvation . . . they without us cannot be made perfect — neither can we without our dead be made perfect" (D & C 128:15).

The Prophet Joseph Smith emphasized the importance of this work when he said, "The greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us is to seek after our dead." Hours spent in research and temple work for the benefit of others not only develop unselfishness but also a great love for our fellow men. It is a most rewarding service that fills the soul with peace and contentment.

I cherish my membership in the Church and kingdom of God. Having tasted of the blessings of the gospel, I would not want to live without it. It gives purpose to life, joy in service to fellow men, and the hope of a glorious resurrection.

These Small Things

Maude Rubin

This Bible graced her marble center table,
Recorded births — and marriages — and death.
Small treasures picture her, small home-things able
To speak through changing years with gentle breath
Of one who found her joy in simple things —
Brought her happiness to children; reared strong men,
Gave them a name to honor, one that rings
Forever through this West-land. . . . Now, as then,
This clear bell shields her wreath of waxen flowers . . .
Her sand glass counts these hushed, atomic hours.

The Native Currant

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Along the creek and country roads,
The rugged native currant thrives
Through years, through changing modes
On the arid wasteland it survives.

The tiny yellow blossoms hold
The captured sunshine of each spring;
The fruits, like jewels red and gold,
Are gifts, and now the field birds sing.

And when the currants have been sealed,
In crystal settings in a row,
Far and wide in lane and field,
The shrubs present a scarlet glow.

The Western States Mission

Preston R. Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

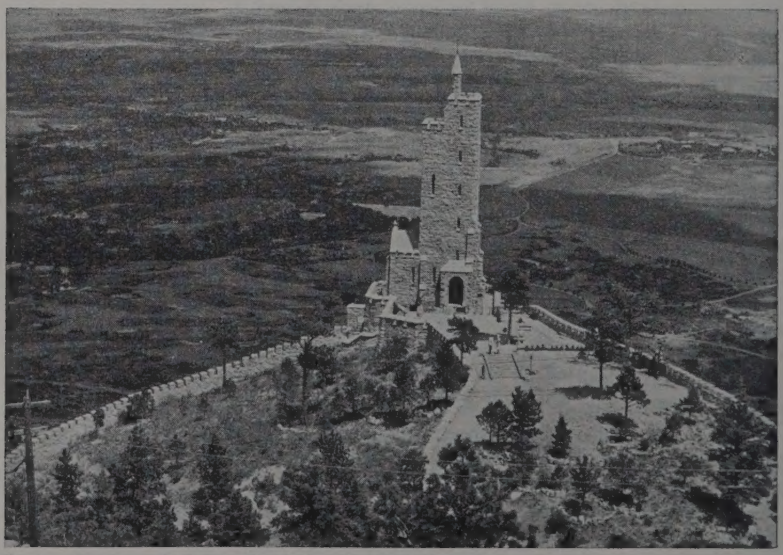
THE Western States Mission was organized in April 1907. It comprised the States of Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Nebraska, and North and South Dakota. The headquarters was established at Denver, Colorado, and Joseph A. McRae, former President of the Colorado Mission, was installed as the president.

In December 1908, President McRae was released, and John L. Herrick was appointed to succeed him. At that time there were 654 members of the Church in the entire mission. There were also ninety full-time missionaries.

President Herrick served until June 1919, and the mission grew and prospered under his leadership. At the time of his release there were 5,500 members of the Church residing in the mission. A new chapel and mission home had been erected in Denver.

President Herrick was succeeded by John M. Knight, who served until March 1928. Other mission presidents who have followed are: Elias S. Woodruff, 1928-1933; Joseph J. Daynes, 1933-1937; William W. Seegmiller, 1937-1941; Elbert R. Curtis, 1941-1945; Richard W. Madsen Jr., 1945-1946; Francis A. Child, 1946-1949; Ray E. Dillman, 1949-1954; A. Lewis Elggren, 1954-1958; David S. Romney, 1958-

The boundaries of the Western States Mission were changed in 1925,



Courtesy Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad Company
Submitted by Daisy R. Romney

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Courtesy Colorado Advertising and Publicity Company
Submitted by Daisy R. Romney

CLIFF PALACE, MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO

when North and South Dakota were added to the North Central States Mission.

Stakes that have been organized within the mission are San Luis (1883), Young (1912), Denver (1940), Grand Junction (1955), Albuquerque (1957), Cheyenne (1959), and Denver West (1959).

In 1946 President George Albert Smith visited the Western States Mission, and at Pueblo dedicated a monument which had been erected in honor of the Mormon Battalion, which, one hundred years previously, had established the first white settlement in what later became the State of Colorado.

In June 1959, President Antoine R. Ivins made a tour of the Western States Mission and on his return to Salt Lake City gave the following report to the *Deseret News*: "He pointed out that the mission has good leadership in the districts and branches, and that all the branches are presided over by local members. He praised the work of President and Mrs. Romney who are directing the mission."

At the end of December 1959, there were 4,390 members of the Church in the Western States Mission, located in twenty-nine branches.

Twenty-nine Relief Society organizations, with 629 members, were reported in December 1959. Daisy R. Romney presides over the Western States Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, "Mount Elbert, Colorado's Highest Peak," was reproduced from a transparency submitted by Daisy R. Romney, courtesy Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad Company. See also "Recipes From the Western States Mission," by Sister Romney, page 308.

Contest Announcements—1960

CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1960

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The General Board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1960. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	$40
Second prize	$30
Third prize	$20

Prize poems will be published in the January 1961 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birthmonth of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the Relief Society General Board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany a poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. A *signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying*:

   a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
   b. That the poem (state title) is the contestant's original work.
   c. That it has never been published.
   d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
   e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1960.*

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1960 opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1960.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize	$75
Second prize	$60
Third prize	$50

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1961. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the General Board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. The number of the words must appear on the first page of the manuscript. (All words should be counted, including one and two-letter words.) A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is writen the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.
d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreements among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1960.*

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

From a Canyon Retreat

Pansye H. Powell

O God, from concrete streets and brick-lined squares
We come to thee,
Laying beside thy purling stream our cares,
For one day free.

Between these cottonwoods we see thy sky
A clearer blue;
This flowering verdure that thy brook flows by
Takes deeper hue.

The smallest canyon rock, the aspened peaks
That, encircling, tower,
Witness thy presence, and each one bespeaks
Thy unmatched power.

Now over all thy peace broods like a dove
Upon her nest;
And not a jarring sound disturbs what love
Has surely blessed.

May beauty, peace, and rest we find today
Be truly thine,
That when we leave here we may take away
Something divine!

Orchids in the Snow

Chapter I

Rosa Lee Lloyd

SHARON Haskell opened her eyes, stretched her arms, and looked dreamily at her beloved bedroom.

Frothy white curtains crisscrossed her window where the early morning sun was a pinkish mist; a golden filigree tray with perfume bottles glistened on her ivory dressing table, and the long French mirror with the pink taffeta bow at the top, completed the room especially designed for an adored twenty-one-year-old daughter.

Suddenly her face crumpled and she covered it with her hands. Tears came achingly. She was going away. She was leaving all these precious things and the people she loved; her twinkling, witty mother, her big, generous-hearted dad, and Kenny, her fifteen-year-old brother who was a teasing rascal at times but adorable anyway, really adorable. And Aunt Jewel, too. Dear, thoughtful Aunt Jewel. She could not bear to leave them. And yet, she was overjoyed to go!

Today was her wedding day! Her dark eyes flew to the Dresden clock on her bed table. Six o'clock. In two hours she would be in the temple. In exactly twelve hours she would be standing beside her husband, Samuel David Wynter, in front of the rose-banked mantle downstairs in the living room. By this time tomorrow morning they would be on their way to Sun Valley for their honeymoon. A little sigh of joy whispered through her tears. Two weeks alone with Sam in beautiful Sun Valley before they flew to Alaska where they would make their home. Sam had accepted a position as instructor in the engineering school at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks.

A little tremor of apprehension went over Sharry. Aunt Jewel had warned her that there was a housing shortage in Fairbanks and that living conditions were very different from those in Salt Lake City. But she refused to worry about it. Aunt Jewel, she thought tenderly, didn't have children of her own, so she had given Sharry and Kenny all her pent-up motherly affection. She was a professional nurse and had cared for her parents until they died last winter. Sharry's engagement, her bridal parties, her temple marriage this morning, and her wedding reception tonight had given Aunt Jewel the joy of her lifetime to be a part of it all. She lived in Sharry's romance and happiness.

Everyone in the ward loved Aunt Jewel, Sharon thought, and everyone hoped that she would marry some fine man now that she was free from the family burden she had carried since she was a young girl. Aunt Jewel was only forty-four, two years younger than Daddy, who was her brother. She was still slender and queenly fair, especially in her white cap and uniform. Sharry wished Aunt Jewel would go to ward parties and have fun instead of working so hard all day and staying home every night.

"You need a change, Jewel,"

Mama had said one day last week. "You must reach out for happiness and love."

"I know," Aunt Jewel had answered. "I know I should go out more, Mary. But there is so much to do, so many sick people who need me. Then I'm too tired at night for parties."

Mama had nodded, understandingly.

"You've been so loyal, Jewel. So self-sacrificing. But now—please go out more, meet new people. Have some of the things you deserve. You've earned a little happiness, dear."

"But I am happy, Mary!" Aunt Jewel had protested. "I love my work—it is everything to me."

Mama had smiled her knowing little smile.

"No woman can be completely happy who hasn't known love, Jewel," she said. "Give yourself a chance for that happiness."

* * * * *

NOW Sharon pressed her tear-wet eyes with the palms of her hands, then reached for Sam's picture on her bed table.

Why did she love him so deeply? she asked herself, wonderingly. He wasn't exactly handsome. His red hair was too bushy. Even last week when he was honor guest at the dinner his fellow engineers had given for him, he was very well-groomed in his new dark suit, but his hair was a red bush. She had never seen him in a hat.

Did engineers wear hats in Alaska? she wondered, or fur caps or ear muffs? And would Sam's bounce off his head because of his hair?

Her finger lovingly traced the outline of his nose in the picture, still a little crooked where a baseball bat had struck him when he was ten. But his eyes are wonderful, Sharon thought, blue and honest and genuine. And she loved the wide, generous curve of his mouth.

"That boy will always be good to you," Mama had told her when they became engaged in April. "He has good eyes and a kind mouth and a chin like the bow of the Queen Elizabeth. But don't push him too far, Sharry. Don't pout and want your own way all the time. Men with bushed-up red hair and chins like that have a will of their own, even when they love as tenderly as Sam does."

Yes, she thought, Mama is right. Sam has a will of his own. She had seen him angry only twice in the year they had gone together, and both times had been her fault. She had sulked because he had been gone so long on a consulting job with the Twin Mining Company in Colorado. She had been jealous because his work was so important to him. From now on she would take Mama's advice and not argue with him about it.

She held the picture close to her heart, remembering what her chum Marge Barlow (who was to be her maid of honor tonight) had written on the card with her wedding present: "May your life together be a path of roses."

Oh, Marge, she thought, as she placed the picture back on the bed table and put on her robe, our life will be a path of roses. How can it help being so when we love each other? Sam is the man who carries my world on his shoulders.

A knock on the door brought her head up sharply. That would be Mama, of course.

"Come in!" she called gaily. Mama must not know she had been crying. But it was Kenny, tanned and lean in his bathing trunks. His blond hair was a damp stubble.

"Hi, bride!" he called, impishly, tossing a big rubber tire wet from the pool toward her. She flopped back on the bed, struggling to hold the tire.

"Kenny!" she gasped.

He grinned.

"Just wanted to know if you're in condition for Fairbanks, Alaska. It's rugged up there. I've been reading about that little burg you're going to live in. Or should I say ice-burg?"

Sharon pushed the tire to the floor and jumped to her feet.

"Take that thing out of here! Why can't you act like a gentleman on my wedding day?"

Kenny sat down on her satin slipper chair and looked around the room.

"Think I'll make this my workshop when you're gone. I can repair television sets right in this room."

"Kenny — please. Don't be so mean," she coaxed. "This will always be my room. You know that. This is my home, you are my brother, and I love you even though you are unbearable."

"Your home will be Fairbanks, Alaska, after today," he insisted. "Fairbanks, Alaska, where you can have a big gray wolf for a pet, while Sam is off on his snowshoes searching for gold mines in the white icy spaces."

"Wait until I'm gone. You'll wish you had said something nice to me," Sharon insisted.

"Like what?" he teased.

"You might say I have been a sweet sister to you," she answered patiently. "You might remember certain little favors I've done while you were growing up. I'll remember every little thing about you, Kenny. The first day you went to school when you were six and I was thirteen, and you cried before Mama came in and I didn't tell about it."

He jumped to his feet.

"Kid stuff!" he scoffed. "Sisters always think they're so grown-up. Does Sam know that you cry when you're alone in the dark or when your hands get cold? Does he know you've never been away from home without Mom or Dad or me?"

"Oh, you! Sam wants me just the way I am."

His young eyes sobered.

"Sam is twenty-nine," he said, as though he had been thinking it over. "He's used to roughing it on long, hard engineering jobs. He's used to living in a trailer or a tent. He'll expect a real woman to keep house for him, and what'll he get? A doll baby who doesn't even iron her own blouses!"

"Why, Kenny Haskell! You get out of here right now or I'll call Mama."

"That's right," he teased again. "Call Mama. You always call for Mama. Who'll you call for in Alaska?"

He lifted the tire and opened the door.

"You better wake up," he added significantly. "This book I'm reading says that part of Alaska where engineers go is our last frontier. You might have to live on caribou

meat or clean fish or shoot bears. And learn to can moose, because beefsteak is three dollars a pound up there!"

"Don't be ridiculous!" she laughed, but her heart turned over and was suddenly very quiet. Somewhere deep inside of her she remembered that Sam had said how high the cost of living was in Alaska. "It won't be an easy life, darling. And you may have to stay alone at times while I'm away on consulting trips. Alaska's great mining and metalurgical resources are of great value to the country. Some of my work will be secret. But we'll work it out, sweetheart. We'll have each other and that's what counts."

KENNY closed the door with a little bang. She stood there listening as he bounced the tire down the hallway. Then she realized that Kenny was worried about her going to Alaska. His impishness was just an act to hide the real way he felt. He had even taken time to read books about the place where she and Sam would live. That was more than she had done, she thought with a guilty pang. She had been too happy and too busy preparing her trousseau, having her announcement party, and arranging for the wedding reception after their marriage which would be in the temple this morning.

Her eyes went quickly to the clock. Almost six-thirty. She didn't have time to worry over what Kenny had said about wolves or snowshoes or caribou meat or cleaning fish.

She must bathe and dress and brush her hair until it shone like a black pony's coat. That was how Sam described her hair and she loved the way he looked at her when he said it; as though he was marrying the most beautiful girl in the world and nothing else mattered.

* * * * *

AT six o'clock that evening, Sharon walked down the stairway. Everything was crystal white and beautiful. She could hardly breathe for the lump in her throat. Fresh dewy flowers smiled at her from every nook and corner of the downstairs

She met Sam's eyes and took her place in the reception line by his side.

"My wife!" he whispered in his deep, tender voice. "I love you, darling."

All the glory of love was in his eyes as they met hers.

"My husband," she whispered back, "I love you, too."

This was the moment she had dreamed of and planned for ever since the night in April when she had promised to be his wife. This was the dream come true.

Smiling, gracious guests streamed past the wedding party saying the chosen words of praise that every bride and groom love to hear and remember. Soft music from the string trio on the patio was a lullaby of enchantment. Sharry's heart lifted and sang with the joy of it all. No night had ever been so beautiful, no bride had ever been so loved and loving. She closed her eyes in a wave of gratitude to her Heavenly Father. She would remember every moment of her wedding day forever and ever.

Sharon started in surprise. Kenny was standing before them. He looked very grown-up in his dark trousers and cream-colored coat.

Even his black bow tie was perfectly straight.

"There's a call from Alaska, Sam," she heard him say. "Some man from the University wants to talk to you. He says it's very important."

Sam's heavy brows drew together as he looked at Sharry.

"Sorry, darling. You'll have to excuse me a minute."

"But, Sam!" she touched his arm. "You can't leave now. You can't."

"I have to," he said simply. "No one would call me unless it was an emergency."

Sharry's eyes widened as she watched him walk away. How could he do such a thing at their wedding reception with dozens of people watching them! How could he leave her at a time like this?

Marge Barlow, her maid of honor, slipped her arm around her.

"Take it easy, hon," she coaxed. "He'll be back."

"I could die, Marge," she said, tightly, "just for an old telephone call."

"But it must have been urgent," Marge insisted. "You married a man who has a job to do, remember?"

SHARRY felt her anger mounting in her. Sam always put his work and duty above everything. But now he had a wife and she must come first. She would insist that Sam not answer their telephone while they were on their honeymoon in Sun Valley.

She glanced at others in the line. Of course they were wondering why Sam had left her like this. Daddy and Mama were whispering together with Sam's parents, and there was a ripple among the bridesmaids.

Marge nudged her.

"Now be good," she coaxed. "Here he comes."

"That didn't take long," he said, as he took his place in time to greet the Sherman Browns.

After they had moved on, Sam turned to Sharry. His blue eyes were serious.

"Listen, honey, I wish this could wait, but it can't. There is a special meeting for all mining and metalurgical engineers scheduled for next Saturday. We'll have to leave on the first plane out of here. The meeting is of national importance."

Sharry felt the words beating against her heart. Sam was telling her they must give up their honeymoon in Sun Valley!

"No!" she heard herself saying in a strange, tense voice. "You promised, Sam. Two weeks alone in Sun Valley. *You promised!*"

"Look at me, darling," he pleaded. "You know I want those two weeks as much as you do. Do you think this is easy for me?"

She could not answer. Her eyes flickered away from his, and her mouth drooped into a pout. Then she saw Mama looking at her, warningly. It was as though she was saying: "Don't pout or want your own way all the time. Don't push him too far, Sharry."

She took a long, quivering breath as she turned her eyes back to Sam.

"It's all right," she said. "I — understand how it is."

"That's my sweetheart!" he sighed gratefully. "I knew you would be a real trooper, honey. I'll make it up to you. You know I will!"

"I know, dear," she said, trying to smile.

She swallowed hard. Sam must

not see her cry, she thought bravely. She must live up to what he expected of his wife. She had to learn how to be a real wife now. He was her husband and she loved him with all her heart. But her hands trembled as she pressed her bouquet against her breast.

"I hope I catch your bouquet," Marge whispered. "It's almost time to throw it, Sharry."

Sharry's hands closed possessively around it. She wanted to keep it fresh and lovely like this forever. Some brides didn't throw their bouquets any more, so why should she? It was an old-fashioned custom, and she didn't want to do it.

A half hour later as she started up the stairway, she was still holding it closely.

The rooms were crowded with guests. She could feel the eyes of everyone on her, especially the yearning eyes of the bridesmaids and the unmarried women.

She turned slowly. She must share her happiness. Mama and Daddy had taught her that when she was a little girl. Maybe if she threw her bouquet it might make someone very happy, hoping to be the next bride.

Sharon lifted it high above her head, calling gaily as she threw it into the crowd below:

"Here it comes, lucky you!"

There was a grasp of wonder. Sharry stared down at the upturned faces. Pale, golden Aunt Jewel, her eyes like newborn stars, was holding Sharry's bouquet in both hands as though she couldn't believe anything so wonderful could happen to her!

(*To be continued*)

Mother

Linnie F. Robinson

This hour has not come suddenly, but slow
And steady paced. The clock divides my life
Into small intervals, and by these I know
The outline of your days as mother—wife.
For time is measured by remembered things,
And by events where children grow—
And things less tangible through faith alone,
But things that children need to know.

I never knew if doubt assailed your day,
Or if discouragement pressed like a sword;
You taught us how to labor and to pray
And helped us want to learn and keep his word.
I knew security through your blessed eyes,
And if I follow you I will be wise.

Second Baby

Dorothy S. Romney

HELGA hummed a small tune as she went about the task of putting fresh linen on young Mrs. Sturm's bed. It wasn't that she was so happy that early afternoon, but more to keep up her courage, that she sang.

She stopped for a moment in front of the open window to view the landscape, now bright with spring blossoms. Spring is spring, she thought, and saw the daffodils nod their agreement in the slight breeze — and always just as new every year.

Her thoughts came back to her present problems. She had taken this case with misgivings.

"I'll not be taking the Sturm case," she had told Dr. Merritt, when she'd heard Laura Sturm was expecting a second baby. "My methods are much too old-fashioned — she would never put up with the likes of me." Helga liked her patients to be happy.

"Now, Helga," the doctor had cajoled her, patting her ample shoulder, "you're not going to let one young woman scare you out, are you? Not after twenty years of successfully caring for the new mothers of our town, and bringing up six fine children of your own?"

He looked at her over the top of his glasses in a way he had. A young-looking forty-one, Helga suspected this was a trick he had invented to appear older and sterner to his patients.

When she didn't say anything, but simply stood, looking doubtful, the doctor continued: "Just because Laura Sturm is a registered nurse is no reason to back down. You'll see that the old and the new methods mix very well — although Laura is a bit on the strict side," he added, honestly.

"All right, I'll try." Helga had thrown up her hands, helplessly. She might have known she couldn't refuse a case for Dr. Merritt.

"Good," Dr. Merritt had said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I was sure I could count on you."

So here Helga was, firmly entrenched in the Sturm household, with the new mother expected home within a few hours. In spite of all her past experience, Helga was fluttery as a mother hen trailing her first brood of chicks.

When the bed was made up to her satisfaction, Helga tiptoed into the nursery to make sure that four-year-old Jimmie was safely asleep for his nap.

"Looks like a wee, pink angel," she murmured.

She had discovered in the three days she had been caring for Jimmie, that this wasn't quite the case — that he was as full of energy and capable of as much mischief as any sturdy child his age.

He was curled up in a soft little ball; one chubby hand was tucked under his cheek, and a halo of yellow curls was framed on the pale pink of the freshly ironed pillowcase.

HELGA heard the back door open and went into the kitchen. It was Fred, Laura's husband, and he

had a load of groceries in a box which he set down on the table.

"Hello, Helga, how are things going?" he asked

"Why, just fine," she answered. He was easy-going and affable, and Helga had taken an immediate liking to him, and had at once felt comfortable in his presence.

"My wife and the new baby will be home at about five o'clock this evening," he announced proudly.

"I hope everything will be to her liking." Helga had heard from several sources that Laura was not only strict with Jimmie, but *most particular* about her housekeeping.

"Oh, I'm sure it will be," he answered quickly. "I had a house to show out this way, and thought I'd drop in with some groceries. I'll see you tonight." He went out and closed the door quietly.

"Such a nice young man," Helga remarked.

As yet she hadn't met Laura Sturm, a comparative newcomer to town. She had come to the Sturm home a few hours after Laura had left for the hospital, but from the list of things to do tacked up on the kitchen bulletin board, Helga decided the reports of Laura weren't exaggerated.

"My land," she declared, as she took another look at the list, "I wouldn't be surprised if she put starch in her own bath water." Being clean was fine, but to Helga's way of thinking, there was a limit to everything.

The house looked spotless, and since there was nothing more to do right now, Helga decided she would rest for a moment. She sat down in the living room and picked up a *Relief Society Magazine* from the tabletop. She depended on her *Magazine* for guidance in the little, everyday things of life, as well as the bigger issues, and was glad to see that Laura was numbered among the *Magazine's* subscribers.

Helga had taken but two deep breaths and opened the cover, when she heard Jimmie in the nursery.

My goodness, she thought, he even wakes up with a bang.

She gave him cookies and milk in the patio, then let him play in the sand box outside. He'll get rid of some of that excess energy, she told herself.

But he quickly tired of this and came in demanding that Helga read a story. She found a rhyming book, and they were just comfortably settled when Jimmie cried "Mommie, Mommie."

Sure enough, Helga saw a car draw up in front of the house. She hadn't realized that it was nearing five o'clock.

She hurried to the door and accepted the baby from Fred, who then went back to the car to assist his wife.

THE baby was sweet and healthy looking, and Helga took him into her heart immediately, as she did all her charges. He was comfortably asleep. She was careful not to awaken him as she put him down gently in his crib.

He'll be no trouble, she told herself.

Laura and Fred came in.

Helga looked at Laura, and her heart melted within her. This was not at all the starched person she had expected to see. The curve of her mouth was sweet, as she smiled a bit weakly at Helga, and her brown eyes were gentle looking.

She did smell slightly too anti-

septic, but that was probably due to her stay in the hospital.

Jimmie bounded over and threw his arms around his mother's knees.

"Not now, darling," she said, "let Mother get settled, then she'll have some time for you — *and don't touch the baby.*"

Helga saw his lower lip tremble, as he turned and ran into the nursery.

The poor lamb, she thought, he's waited all day.

She almost forgot him in the bustle and hurry of getting the new patient settled. Fred had gone out on a late appointment, and after giving Laura a light supper, Helga supervised the baby's feeding.

She had little time to think of anything else until Laura suddenly asked: "Where's Jimmie?"

Helga's heart sank. "Must be in the nursery," she replied, and made an immediate departure in that direction.

He was there, all right, curled up in a little heap in the middle of the bed and sobbing. "Go 'way," he cried, when he saw Helga approaching.

"There, there," Helga's arms went about the little figure, as he yielded to her comforting tone. She had him at once ensconced on her ample lap in the rocking chair.

"Jimmie," his mother called, "come here to me."

"No, I won't," was his answer.

"*Jimmie*," in a more severe tone.

Helga put him down, took his hand, and gently led him into his mother's bedroom.

"I want no more of this crying," Laura began. "You're the big brother now, and you'll love the baby just as much as we do, once you get used to him."

Oh, dear, thought Helga, that's all wrong. He's too young to understand what she means. He needs love and reassurance, *not* an explanation.

"Put him to bed, until he can behave," Laura said, her face suddenly too pale.

Helga closed the nursery door, grateful for a chance to try to comfort the boy. She once more took him onto her lap and rocked him. In a short time the crying ceased and he was fast asleep.

SHE put him down on the bed, threw a light cover over him, then went quietly into the kitchen through the hall. There was still dinner to be served to Mr. Sturm.

He came in presently, looking very tired. Helga served him his meal in the breakfast room, and sat down with him to eat her own.

After greeting Helga he inquired about his wife and the baby.

"Haven't heard a sound in there for the past half hour," Helga answered him. "I believe they are both asleep."

"How did Jimmie like the new brother?" he asked presently.

"He got no more than a peek at him," was her evasive answer. Mr. Sturm looked tired enough, she decided, without having to worry over the fact that his son had cried himself to sleep.

"Laura *tries* so hard to be a good mother," he began, then stopped.

Helga longed to say something comforting, but couldn't find quite the right words.

"If she could just learn to relax," were his next faltering words. "You see, she herslf was brought up by distant relatives who were far too

busy to pay her much attention, or even to take her to church. . . ."

"*Mommie, Mommie,*" Jimmie called just then.

"I'll fetch him," said Helga.

She brought Jimmie into the kitchen. He was rosy-cheeked and smiling, and apparently had forgotten that there was an usurper to be dealt with.

"Hi, young man," his father greeted him, and then asked in a quieter tone of voice, "how do you like your new brother?"

It was very still in the wide kichen.

"*He's not my brother,*" Jimmie finally declared.

"Come here, son," his father said. He took Jimmie onto his lap. "What say we let mother take care of the new baby, and you and I will take care of each other? After all, we're the men of the family." He waited, tensely.

A long silence followed, in which Helga wondered if Fred fully realized how impossible it was for a four-year-old to give up his mother.

"No," Jimmie protested, fighting hard to keep back the tears, "I'm not a man, I'm a little boy."

Helga longed to take him in her arms, but all she did was give him some bread and butter.

"Come now," she said cheerfully, "sit over here and eat, then Helga'll read you a story before you go back to bed."

This served as a diversion, and the stiff little body relaxed somewhat. He moved to his own chair and began eating. Soon father and son were chatting happily away together.

Now that's what I like to see, Helga told herself, as she went about the task of clearing up the supper things.

Tomorrow she would corner Dr. Merritt and see if he could help her with this problem.

* * * * *

HELGA didn't see Dr. Merritt the next day, however. He called and inquired about his patient, then told Helga there was a slight outbreak of "flu" in town and he'd be kept busy.

"Let Laura get up for an hour or so today," he told her.

She couldn't bother him with her problem now, with an epidemic on his hands.

It was while she was on her way back to the bedroom that she got her idea. It might cost her her reputation as a reliable nurse, at least in Laura's opinion, but it was well worth trying.

Accordingly, after Fred had gone to work, Helga gave Jimmie his color book and crayons on the kitchen table. She needed to keep him there. So far he had refused all invitations to visit the newcomer.

As the baby's bathtime drew near, Helga wondered if she had the courage to go through with her plan. One look at Jimmie's forlorn little figure convinced her that she did, however.

"I'll take the bathinette into the kitchen and give the baby his bath out there," she told Laura, with quickened heartbeat. "It's warmer. I'll put your chair out there — doctor's orders are that you get up today."

"Well, all right," Laura agreed, slowly.

Helga arranged everything as quickly as possible. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Jimmie making furtive glances in the direction of the activity. She almost held

her breath for fear he would bolt before her purpose was accomplished.

Helga had the baby undressed and all ready to bathe.

"Dear me," she said, and hoped her tone sounded convincing to Laura, "I've forgotten the washcloth."

"I'll hold him while you get it," Laura said, a trifle impatiently.

"No, no, Jimmie can run and get it for me," said Helga.

Jimmie looked up at the sound of his name.

"Please Jimmie, Helga needs your help," she said. "Bring me that washcloth from Mother's room. It's right there on that little table."

JIMMIE slowly laid down his crayon, went into the bedroom, and returned with the washcloth, handed it to Helga, and went back to his coloring without a word.

"Thank you, darling," she said.

"Gracious me," she said shortly, "how can I ever be so forgetful today? Jimmie, will you run into the bedroom and get that can of baby powder? On the table where you found the washcloth, and it has a big red cross on it. You can't miss it."

This time Jimmie didn't hesitate. He was in and out of the bedroom in no time, and instead of going back to his table, he stood a few feet away from the bathinette and watched.

"Thank you, Jimmie," Helga said, "you're a real helper."

She looked at him, and his face was radiant. He stood very still, as if not daring to breathe.

There was just one more article she had *forgotten* to bring out of the bedroom. That was the baby's clean blanket.

She was beginning to lose courage. Laura must know by this time that she was up to something — either that, or she would think Helga was the most inefficient practical nurse in Plumas County.

She looked at Laura. Laura's eyes were fixed on Jimmie, as though she were seeing him for the first time.

"Come over here and see mother, Jimmie dear." Laura's voice was soft and controlled.

Jimmie ran to his mother.

Laura's eyes met Helga's over the top of her son's head. A look of complete understanding passed between them.

After that there was a long, blissful interval, with Helga still fussing over the now peacefully sleeping baby, and Jimmie and Laura comfortably talking it out together in each other's arms.

Helga looked at them and sighed.

Her mind went back to those first years after her husband, Ned, had died. She recalled the many times she might have been completely lost had it not been for the strength of her Church teachings, the things she learned in Relief Society, and an occasional talk with her kindly bishop.

At that very moment she appointed herself official Grandmother to the Sturm family.

She would see that Laura had plenty of time to attend her meetings. We'll grow wise together, she thought with a smile. There's always something new and interesting to learn.

She picked up the baby carefully.

I'll just have to fetch my own blanket, she thought happily.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

VOLUME TWENTY-EIGHT: This number of the paper closes Volume 28 and our patrons and friends of the dear little home paper are reminded that it is a good time to renew subscriptions. . . . The women of Zion are greatly indebted to the *Exponent* for aid in their undertakings in organizations and industries and many other ways too numerous to mention. . . . There is no good reason in these days of prosperity why the sisters should not patronize their own paper. One dollar a year; they would never feel it, it does not amount to ten cents a month, nor yet two cents a week; and yet the dear sisters who do appreciate the paper often say there are single articles . . . that are worth more than a dollar to them.

—Editorial

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S BIRTHDAY: The ninety-ninth anniversary of Brigham Young's birthday (June 1, 1801) is to be made a day of rejoicing and elaborate ceremony, and it is eminently fitting that it should be so, that all the people of Utah and the adjoining country may remember this great, good and wise man who builded not only for his own people and followers but for the world and generations yet to come; who opened up the desert and cultivated the land and colonized in the midst of this . . . uninhabited region. . . .

—E. B. W.

EMBRYO

I feel a poem in my heart tonight
A still thing growing;
As if the darkness to the outer light
A song were owing . . .
A something vague, and sweet, and sad;
Fair, fragile, slender;
Not tearful, yet not daring to be glad,
And oh! so tender. . . .

—Lydia D. Alder

REPORT FROM MARICOPA STAKE AT GENERAL CONFERENCE OF RELIEF SOCIETY:

The first speaker was Pres. M. A. Hakes, Maricopa Stake. she reported the society throughout in good condition and the sisters full of good works. "We live a long way from headquarters, we have to travel [hundreds of miles] to come to Conference. In our place we have only one hundred and thirty white people and six hundred Lamanites. The government has established a school for them and erected a fine building. . . . We have many young women who have joined our society. We have to seal up our wheat in tin cans in order to keep it. . . .

—E. B. Wells, Sec.

ADVERTISEMENT: 90% of American women wash dishes three times a day. If you are one of these, wear a pair of "Goodyear" Rubber Gloves and always have soft, white hands. Sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of $1.59. Agents wanted. M. F. Reese Supply Co., Setauket, N. Y.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

CROWN PRINCESS MICHIKO, of Japan, the twenty-five-year-old commoner with whom Crown Prince Akihito fell in love on the tennis courts, gave birth to a son, heir apparent to the Japanese throne, on February twenty-third. The nation rejoiced and all street cars hoisted rising sun flags. Thousands of "Banzais" were shouted.

JEAN BROWNING MADEIRA, American-born diva, is now the leading contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York City. She has also appeared at La Scala in Milan, at the Brussels World Fair, and in Vienna, Bayreuth, and other cities. She is particularly famous for her roles as Carmen, and as Amneris in "Aida."

IN the Winter Olympic Games at Squaw Valley, California, Maria Gusakova, Liubov Baranova, and Radya Eroshina—all Russians—won the gold, silver, and bronze medals, respectively, in the women's cross-country skiing contest. In downhill women's skiing, Heidi Biebel, of Germany, won the gold medal; Penelope Pitou, of the United States, the silver; and Traudl Hecher, of Austria, the bronze. In the giant slalom, Penelope Pitou of the United States, lost to Yvonne Ruegg, of Switzerland by one-tenth of a second. In the ladies' skating, Carol Heiss, of the United States, won the gold medal, with Sjoukje Dykstra, of the Netherlands, winning the silver, and Barbara Roles, of the United States, the bronze medal.

PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE of Great Britain, sister of Queen Elizabeth II, is engaged to Anthony Armstrong-Jones. The fiance is an artist-photographer who has taken many pictures of the royal family. The Queen and the people in general seem to approve highly of the match.

ELIZABETH JENKINS, English novelist and biographer, is the author of *Jane Austen* (Grosset and Dunlap Publishers), an authoritative and scholarly study of the life and works of Jane Austen who is regarded by many critics as England's greatest woman novelist. Her literary accomplishments are vividly etched against the background of her times (1775-1817).

JESSAMYN WEST is a Quaker wife, mother, and writer, whose collection of short stories about Quakers, *The Friendly Persuasion*, is delightful reading, especially helpful in giving an insight into the hearts of this people who have made a great contribution to the life of America. Jessamyn West writes with delicacy, artistry, and deep poignancy.

EDITORIAL

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Wife and Mother

A mother in the home has the dual role of being a mother to her children and a wife to her husband, and each must be fulfilled well, if the children are to be given the most satisfactory rearing. There are two things, at least, of which children are keenly aware. To a young child his world seems bounded by his mother's smile or frown but, at the same time, as he grows, the atmosphere of the home may cause him to rest in security or shrink within himself as a protection from an undefined feeling of the clashing of wills and interests.

Sometimes a mother who is giving loving and tender care to her children may not realize their sensitivity to the relationship between herself and her husband. A wife who studies the desires of her husband and seeks to make his home a place of joy and comfort to him is, at the same time, establishing an atmosphere of love and understanding in the home which will give the feeling of security she wishes her children to have. The world seems a place of dread to a child who hears quarreling or bitter words between his dear parents, or who hears his mother criticize his father or the father criticizes the mother.

It is not sufficient to give attention to a husband until children arrive and then decide that the attention from henceforth will be devoted to the children. The Prophet Joseph Smith at an early meeting of Relief Society:

> . . . exhorted the sisters always to concentrate their faith and prayers for, and place confidence in their husbands whom God has appointed for them to honor. . . . You need not be teasing your husbands because of their deeds, but let the weight of your innocence, kindness, and affection be felt, which is more mighty than a millstone hung about the neck; not war, not jangle, not contradiction, or dispute, but meekness, love, purity — these are the things that should magnify you in the eyes of all good men.
>
> Let this Society teach women how to behave towards their husbands, to treat them with mildness and affection. When a man is borne down with trouble, when he is perplexed with care and difficulty, if he can meet a smile instead of an argument or a murmur—if he can meet with mildness, it will calm down his soul and soothe his feelings; when the mind is going to despair, it needs a solace of affection and kindness (*D. H. C.* IV, pp. 604-605; 606-607.)

It may not be easy for a young wife to follow the words of the Prophet, but the more nearly she conforms and overcomes her own selfish interests the more joy she will have. The Prophet spoke eternal truth and a humble acceptance of his words and a growing obedience to them, bring their own reward.

If a young Latter-day Saint wife prepares herself for the proper relationship toward her husband from the time of their temple marriage by obeying this advice from the Prophet of the Lord, she will create a home atmosphere in which her children may develop righteously and be favored to develop their

potentialities. With a wife maintaining this attitude of love and understanding, the husband will usually reciprocate with love and understanding, and a sure foundation for marriage will begin to be established which will grow in stability and strength with the passing years — a foundation on which their children may rest secure, providing them with assurance to solve their own problems as they arise.

Part — and a basic part of being a proper mother includes the proper husband-wife relationship. The father provides the physical shelter for his family, but only he and the wife together can provide the proper atmosphere of the home. Into a home of love permeated by consideration the spirit of the Lord will be invited to dwell, to lead family members into all righteousness.

—M. C. S.

Your Sacred Presence

Caroline Eyring Miner

Sweet memories like scented flowers now
Bring back your sacred presence once again.
And I can feel your cool hand on my brow
As I was wont to in my childhood when
A fever raged. At sunset when the sky
Is golden, I can hear you say, "Take note
How gold shames garish red, and ever try
To be demure and modest." Once you wrote
Above my mirror so I'd surely see,
"Be true to self, my daughter; you will find
Respect from others starts with you." Your knee
Became my altar where I learned the kind
Of faith that set me on the narrow way
And helps me know my Maker when I pray.

My Gifts

May H. Marsh

Before me lie the lovely gifts
That came on Mother's Day—
The silken scarf, the stone-set pin,
The scented rose bouquet.

And with each gift a little card,
With words, "I love you so,
Your life has been my guiding star
That led the way to go."

I gaze again—the silken scarf
May be threadbare some day;
Rose petals wither, fall, and die,
And luster fades away.

But gifts of love, from heart to heart,
So like a golden tie,
Bind love on earth, live on and on—
Such gifts can never die.

Recipes From the Western States Mission

Submitted by Daisy R. Romney

Western Rocky Mountain Rainbow Trout

12 oz. trout, 8 to 10 oz., when boned
2 eggs
⅔ cup milk
corn meal or flour

Clean trout, season with salt and pepper, then dip in corn meal or flour. Then, if desired, dip from flour to light batter of eggs and milk mixed together well.

Saute in bacon fat or oil, placing the skinned side up, if boned, for even browning, but place skinned side down on serving plate.

Serve with julienne almonds.

Blanch almonds in boiling water, remove to cold water and skin. Sliver with knife and brown evenly in butter. Add lemon juice and a little salt. Place down the center of the trout. Serve with parsley, drawn butter, and bacon strips.

To bone trout:

With a sharp knife start from head, slip under rib bone, work down the bone to back bone, to tail. Start on the other side and with the knife, do the same, clip bone off, leaving head and tail in place. Open trout out flat and prepare as above.

Slices of Colorado Beef Tenderloin

(Created for President Eisenhower during his stay at the Summer White House)

3 lbs. Colorado beef tenderloin, sliced
12 baby carrots
¼ lb. butter or substitute
¼ c. cooking oil
6 green onions, finely chopped
1 lb. mushrooms, sliced
½ clove garlic

Melt butter and oil in hot frying pan. Season slices of beef with salt and pepper and brown them in the hot mixture, so that beef is still rare. Remove beef to baking dish. In frying pan, simmer onions, garlic, and mushrooms for five minutes.

Demiglace ingredients:

1 lb. veal bones
1 lb. beef bones
1 large carrot
1 stock celery
1 large onion

Cut vegetables into small pieces, and add:

1 bay leaf
½ c. flour
1 c. cooking oil
1 bunch parsley or stems, cut fine

Put oil in roasting pan, add beef and veal bones and vegetables. Roast for twenty minutes, uncovered, at 350° Add flour, bay leaf, parsley, and cook until brown. Add one gallon water, salt and pepper, cook until fluid is reduced to one quart. Strain. Add the one quart of demiglace and simmer one hour. Pour the sauce over slices of beef; lay the carrots (cooked until tender and buttered) on top of beef. Heat and serve. Yield: six servings.

Colorado Rocky Ford Cantaloupe Salad

(Grown only in this area and a favorite with the people)

Cut Cantaloupe in half. Remove seeds and crisscross or ruffle edges.
Fill with Colorado fresh peaches, sliced or in balls, seedless grapes, banana slices, pineapple chunks, or other seasonable fruits, such as strawberries. Top with a sprig of mint. Chill and serve with a Princess Dressing.

Princess Dressing is made by using a mayonnaise base, adding a small amount of currant or grape jelly for color, and folding in whipped cream flavored with honey to suit taste.

Baked Colorado Pinto Beans

2 c. pinto beans
½ lb. rind of pork
4 tbsp. molasses
1 tsp. mustard
salt to taste
onion, if desired

Cook beans until almost soft. Score the salt pork rind and place in the bottom of a casserole. Cover with the beans, molasses, mustard, a little salt, and onion, if desired. Put remaining salt pork on top with rind up. Cover dish and bake slowly for several hours, adding more water if necessary. Near the end of baking time, remove cover, and brown on top. Cook beans in soaking water to save the vitamin B^1 or thiamine.

Variation: Pour a tomato sauce over the pinto beans previously cooked with the salt pork. Sauce is made by cooking stewed tomatoes with a few celery leaves, bay leaf, or other seasoning. Strain and thicken with 2 tbsp. butter and 2 tbsp. flour to 1 c. strained tomatoes. Mix together and bake until heated through. Top with grated cheese and brown.

Mile-High Cake Recipes—5,280 Feet Altitude

Burnt-Sugar Cake

½ c. shortening
1¼ c. sugar
2 egg yolks
3 tbsp. burnt sugar syrup
1 tsp. vanilla
2½ c. sifted cake flour
1⅞ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¾ c. cold water
2 egg whites, ¼ c. sugar

Cream shortening and sugar, add beaten egg yolks, add sifted flour, baking powder, salt, vanilla, alternating with cold water and burnt sugar syrup. Beat egg whites until foamy, adding ¼ c. sugar and beat until stiff. Fold into batter. Bake in two 9" layer pans, greased and floured, at 375° oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

Burnt sugar syrup: Stir and melt slowly in skillet, one-half cup sugar. Allow it to brown slightly. Add one-half cup boiling water and cook until smooth. Cool before using.

For cake flour: Add two tablespoons corn starch to one cup of all-purpose flour and sift thoroughly.

White Cake

½ c. shortening
1¼ c. sugar
1 c. minus 1 tbsp. milk
4 egg whites
2 c. sifted cake flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Soften shortening, add sugar gradually, then add dry ingredients, alternating with milk. Beat egg whites stiff, but not dry. Fold carefully into batter, add vanilla. Bake in two round 8" greased cake pans, lined with greased wax paper. Bake at 375° for 30 to 35 minutes.

The Golden Years

Maggie Tolman Porter

THE full life of a man is considered to be three score and ten. If we accept this as standard, then all the years above seventy, we shall call the Golden Years.

Just how are we to spend this precious bonus?

Far too many of us spend it in self-pity, discouragement, vain regrets; and too many of us dwell only in the past, with no plans for the present or the future.

When we have no longer a goal to reach, no ambition to achieve, no interests to take our time and efforts, we may become senile, for we cannot remain static. We must progress, or we retrogress. In simple words, if we wish to keep all our faculties, we must use them. A muscle soon becomes weak and flabby if we cease to exercise it. So it is with the mind; if we cease to use the faculties God has given us, we retrogress.

During the Golden Years life may be filled with desires to achieve and accomplish things for which one had no time while rearing sons and daughters. Then each day and hour seem shorter, more precious than the yesterdays. It seems that there is a gleam of a diamond-studded dawn as each golden day is born. The desire to accomplish keeps us young.

This formula for growing old gracefully has been of great worth.

Of greatest importance is to make your peace with God. Cherish the testimony that Jesus is the Christ, truly the Only Begotten of the Father, that he was resurrected; that we will live after death. Know that he hears and answers prayers. He may say "No" to many of our requests, because of our lack of wisdom in asking, just as we, as parents, refuse the unwise demands of our children.

To have our prayers answered, we must have a positive approach, and, first and last, add "Thy will be done, not mine alone, dear Lord."

That is faith, but faith without works is dead, so the Book of Books tells us. Do everything within your

power to help the Lord answer your petition. If you ask him to bless the poor, the suffering, and those in sorrow, go out and do something to help them yourself. It may be only a word of encouragement, attention to some neglected child, a loaf of fragrant home-baked bread, a glass of your favorite jelly, a telephone call to some homebound person, less fortunate than yourself, either friend or stranger.

That is *works*.

We are really old when desire is gone. A desire and will to accomplish something keep us young. Something within that driving power helps us to grow old gracefully.

Don't dwell on your aches and pains and let them absorb all your thoughts and conversations. We all have ailments, and remember, they are no worse than we think they are. Don't worry and give up too much to those pains and aches. Pray for strength and courage to bear them with a minimum of complaining. They are a part of the golden years.

Of importance, also, is the word *service*.

Granted, we may not be able to do much manual service for anyone. Perhaps we are even beyond giving service to ourselves. We may be chair or bed patients. There is still service awaiting us. Write cheery letters to loved ones and to the sick and sorrowing, and to friends. The hand may tremble, but write anyway, or, if possible, use the typewriter. You will find it fun to peck it out with one finger, if you are not fortunate enough to have had experience in typing.

The secret is: Do something for someone and forget yourself and your miseries. If you are in tune with the Infinite, you will be led to write and say words of wisdom and love to comfort those whom you contact.

Love is the key. Have your heart so filled with love for all mankind that there will be no room for hatred, jealousy, bitterness, discouragement, or remorse, which are all *negative* attributes. Fill your soul with *positive* ones, instead.

One sad part of our golden years is that many of us must spend those years alone. Our life's companion may have been called home. Thrice blessed are you when you can sit in the golden gloaming, side by side. Cherish each other, be understanding, tolerant, and loving.

We have been building our memories for the golden years each day of our lives. It is truly up to us what that harvest of our memories will be. They have a way of creeping upon us in our solitude. Pleasant memories bring us uncounted pleasure. Sad, regretful memories bring sorrow and tears.

Our life is like a garden. We reap what we sow, whether it be joy and satisfaction, or regret and tears.

Have we planted the rose of forgiveness, the bright-faced pansy of pleasant and loving thoughts, the seeds of truth and virtue and love for God and mankind?

If these we have tenderly nurtured as the years have glided by, they will be joy and comfort and peace to us as we fall asleep on the Saturday eve of our last Golden Year.

Standing Pat

Frances C. Yost

CLAIR Seaton frowned at Pat, her teenage daughter. "Well, I think you could at least dry the dishes!"

"Wish I could help you, Momie darling, but I just have to get to the first game." Pat gave her a peck on the cheek and in her usual gay, carefree way, ran from the house.

Alone, with her hands in the dish suds, Clair made a mental rehearsal of every move Pat had made since she breezed into the house after school.

Pat had thrown down her coat, scarf, books, then turned on the radio rather loudly not to miss any of the latest "pop" tunes. Then she had spread herself a generous slice of bread, butter, peanut butter, and jam, and sat down to read the funnies, laughing occasionally above the din of the radio rock-and-roll music. Funnies read completely, Pat had pulled out the ironing board, pressed her cheerleader outfit, then shined her shoes. Then she enjoyed two prolonged telephone conversations with friends with whom she had spent the day at school. By then supper was on the table, and Pat had managed not to turn her hand toward helping.

Well, this isn't going to continue, Clair thought as she bent over the sink. She just isn't going to get away with it. Pat used to be a good worker around the house, and I'll just have to see that she helps more now that she's older.

Since the dishes are up to me to do alone, I might as well get going, Clair sighed.

The sigh was heard in the living room, where her husband, Mel Seaton was reading the paper. Mel dropped his paper reluctantly and came into the kitchen.

He put his arms around Clair's waist, as she stood at the sink.

"What's the matter, Momie?" Mel asked.

Clair wished Mel wouldn't call her "Momie," when the children weren't around.

"What's the matter, Momie?" he repeated.

Clair sighed again. "I'm just tired, I guess. Mel, do you realize I haven't had an ounce of help from Pat since the basketball season started?"

"I'm not at all surprised," Mel rejoined. "When I was on the main basketball team in high school, my family didn't see me at all, unless they came to a game and watched me on the floor. Clair, what say we take in the game together tonight?"

"Mel, don't you realize I'm worn out from doing every bit of housework myself. Anyway, I don't understand basketball as you do."

"You don't have to understand all the plays to enjoy it. Just count the baskets each side puts in. Easy as that! Why you haven't seen a game all season."

"But, Mel, I have the mending to do this evening and. . . ."

"The mending will keep, Clair. You're going to the game tonight and watch Patty lead the Pep Club."

* * * * *

THE superintendent was giving some form of welcome as Mel and Clair Seaton walked into the

gymnasium. They had just found seats in the center of the balcony, when their own hometown, the Lincoln High, band started playing "America," and the spectators all arose. Then it was that Clair saw her. Pat came through the big front door of the gym carrying a very large silk flag. It was on a long pole, which must weigh pounds and pounds, yet Pat carried it regally, patriotically, reverently. Patty had never mentioned that she was the flag bearer. But Clair had never asked her, either. Immediately behind Pat were three girls. Yes, Clair knew them, Karen, Nancy, and Sue, the other cheerleaders. They were, like Pat, dressed in white satin full-gored dresses and wore the red school emblem on the front.

The cheerleaders were prancing sort of like high-stepping horses in time to the music, and in step with Pat, a little ahead. To the very center of the gym Pat came with the beautiful flag flowing behind her. Then they all stood, and Pat led the whole gym full of people with the salute to the flag.

Clair felt her eyes brimming, as she placed her hand over her heart. How long had it been since she herself had pledged allegiance to the flag? "One nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." The words were as beautiful now as she had thought them when she herself went to school.

Now the game was commencing. The two teams, their own Lincoln High and the opposing team, the Bickel High, were running on the floor, and everyone was cheering. The two referees in black striped suits came forward, and tossed the ball in the center of the floor. Clair could see both teams were out to win. Why this was equally as exciting as a three-ring circus.

Clair looked over toward the cheering section to see if she could see Pat. There she was, motioning for a cheer. What were they shouting?

A tisket, a tasket, put the ball in the basket. Come on boys pitch it in, may the best team win.

Clair could hear Pat's vibrant voice above the others. May the best team win, she repeated. Why that was right sporting of them. She would have to remember to tell Pat what a nice cheer that was. They certainly were being good sports about it.

MEL had said for her to keep her eye on the ball. She looked back and saw Lincoln High's own Max Sheldon, the big boy who played center, had the ball now. He was pitching it; it fluttered over the basket, and then dropped in. Everyone sighed.

"Yea, Max! Yea, Lincoln High!" the cheering section shouted. Pat's voice was familiar to Clair above the others.

Clair glanced at the scoreboard. Lincoln High had the first two points anyway. Oh, oh, Bickel High had the ball and was making a basket. Back and forth the ten boys worked retrieving the ball, pitching it, retrieving and pitching. But Lincoln High wasn't making baskets. It was as if someone had put an invisible lid over the Lincoln High basket and the ball just couldn't go in. Clair looked at the scoreboard. My goodness, Bickel High had passed Lincoln High! The

score was ten, two. Clair wrung her handkerchief. Something had to be done! But Pat was doing something about it. She was leading with a cheer!

We have a coach who is the best
The very best coach in all the West.
We have a team that's genuine.
Come on boys, we've got to win.

Clair wondered if the boys heard the cheering on the floor as well as she could, but they must have heard, because they immediately made a basket. Clair turned quickly to look at the scoreboard, but the score was disheartening. Bickel High eleven, Lincoln only four. Then the whistle blew, and it was the end of the first quarter.

There were Pat and the other cheerleaders stepping out farther on the floor and doing a clever routine. Clair watched them breathlessly. It was beautiful, like a ballet dance, but they were doing it to band music. They were singing the Lincoln High School song. Clair found herself singing along, too. A person should sing more, it was good for the soul, she thought.

It was then that Pat noticed her with Mel up in the balcony. Pat smiled broadly, and waved a little personal wave of her own, special for Clair.

The second quarter was beginning. The referees were holding the ball for the jump. If only something could be done to spur the Lincoln High boys to score and catch up. Then Clair heard Pat's familiar voice at high C pitch shouting a cheer.

The cheering must help. Lincoln had made another basket. Clair was glad she and Mel were seated in the center balcony where she could see so well. She watched every movement of the ball. A basket for one side, a basket for the other, but always Bickel High seemed to keep that good margin ahead. Then it was the end of the half. Clair looked at the scoreboard. Bickel High was eighteen, Lincoln trailing behind with twelve points.

CLAIR looked over at Pat. She hoped she wouldn't take the score too hard. Winning meant much to Pat. But Pat was smiling, a sort of fixed showmanship smile, and she was leading the marching club onto the floor.

This was why Pat had stayed so long night after night at school. The girls marched down the floor in perfect step, perfect formation, sort of like soldiers. When Pat whistled the marching team changed positions. Now they were forming four rows and marching off the floor.

Now the second half of the game was beginning. Clair looked at the scoreboard again, but Bickel High was still those six points ahead of them. She found herself saying the words under her breath. "Our team must win."

Clair heard the Pep Club shouting. She turned and watched Pat leading the cheer, her voice clear and strong.

Why the cheering really must help the players, for after each yell it seemed the boys pitched a basket. Who had made this one? Yes, it was big Max Sheldon again. Now they were doing fine team work. The Lincoln High boys were putting in basket after basket.

After each basket Pat was shouting: "Yea Max, Yea Charles, Yea Kenny!"

CLAIR looked around for the boys' mothers. But they didn't seem to be here. They should be here to enjoy the glory heaped upon their boys. How could she herself have missed so many games when her being here meant so much to Pat?

Then the dreadful thing happened! Max, the big wonderful center, fell. The game was temporarily stopped. The coach rushed from the bench to where Max lay, unable to get up. Even Clair knew what this meant to Lincoln High. What was Mel saying?

"He's their best player. They can't get along without Max Sheldon."

The people started rushing onto the floor, but the coach was saying, "Stand back, give him air."

Then Max was carried from the floor. The coach over the loud speaker said that it was a sprain, nothing serious, but that Max could not play the rest of the game.

Little Mike Roper, a junior, was replacing big Max Sheldon. Clair could tell about how he felt. Sort of scared, and afraid of the job he had to do, filling Max's shoes, yet proud to serve, to help his school. What this boy needed was a pat on the back to let him know he was important, and that he really was capable of filling his new position.

Pat was giving him just the encouragement he needed.

"Let's give three cheers for Mike!" she shouted up at the cheering section.

Mike smiled and ran to retrieve the ball. Then from the cheering section came another loud cheer:

Roll up that score, roll up that score,
Roll up that score as you've never done before.
Roll, Lincoln, roll!

It seemed to Clair the cheering was all it took. Mike, who had felt too insignificant to replace big Max Sheldon, had a job to do and was doing it. Steadily the five men took up the routine play which netted basket after basket.

"Such teamwork!" Mel shouted in Clair's ear. "Such teamwork. That will do it like nothing else."

"Have you watched Pat?" Clair asked her husband.

"Too busy watching the game." He laughed. "She's doing a good job though. Giving the boys courage."

That was it, Clair thought. Pat was giving courage when they needed it. Everyone needed to know someone was cheering for him. She should have been doing more cheering for Pat. Clair glanced at the time clock. Why they were on the last minute of the third quarter.

Mike Roper was in the center of the gym holding the ball and wondering if there was time to do something. When he heard the shout "throw," he threw. The ball flew through the air, then dipped over the basket, made contact, and by so doing upped the score two points to tie the game at the close of the third quarter.

A sigh went through the crowd.

"Good going," Mel shouted in Clair's ear. She reached over and squeezed his hand.

Now the fourth quarter, the home stretch was upon them. Yet it was like starting a new game because of the tied score. Clair found herself joining with the

Lincoln spectators and shouting, "Come on boys!"

Mel poked her gently, smiled and said, "Let your little daughter do the cheering, Momie."

Momie, the same word which had so annoyed her two hours ago, now it sounded sweet to her ears. It's all in the frame of mind, Clair thought.

The entire building was as if it was rocking with vibrations, the band playing, the cheering, the coaxing and shouting from the spectators.

THE ball, like a jumping jack, went from one end of the hall to the other, never stopping, never idle, always the center of attraction with hundreds of eyes constantly upon it.

Clair realized that Pat would be hoarse when it was all over. Thank goodness there wasn't another game for a few nights, perhaps she could recover in time to shout again at the next one. Never mind the next one, Clair chided herself. This game is the important one.

The boys were making quite a few baskets now. One after another, but the two teams were nip and tuck, and it was the last minute and still it could be anybody's game. What could be done to win? Clair wrung her handkerchief helplessly. She couldn't remember when she had been so excited. Then from the cheering section:

Ten baskets, five baskets, two will do.
Come on Lincoln we're for you!

Suddenly Mike Roper pitched a basket in, which brought the score two points ahead of Bickel High. Such shouting and screaming! Ordinarily this much racket would have sent Clair's head skyrocketing. Could it be that because her own mouth was open cheering and shouting, the pressure was relieved?

The ball was in the hands of Lincoln's boys. The ball flew through the air, landed in the basket to score, just before the clock pinged out the time, and the game was over.

Clair looked up at the scoreboard as everyone else was doing. "Visitors 44, Hometown 48." Lincoln High was the home team. *They had won!*

Clair looked around for Pat. She must be exhausted. But Pat had run out on the floor to the team.

"Congratulations!" Pat shouted, loud enough for even Clair to hear. What were they saying to Pat?

"We couldn't have done it without you, Pat, and the Pep Club. It kept us going like nothing else. We knew you were behind us all the way."

Yes, Clair thought, Pat had stood behind the team, the school, the community, but who had stood behind Pat? She vowed she would be a more understanding mother, a cheerer.

How could she have expected Pat to do more than she was already doing? She, not Pat, had been in the wrong this particular time. She forever complaining about headaches, and a few dishes and housework, and never bothering to come to the games.

Clair felt tears wanting to be evidenced, but she blinked them back. Clair was happy about the results of the game, but, mostly, she was happy about the change in herself which this certain game had brought about. She had a score of her own to roll up and cache away.

Not Only By Bread

Dorothy J. Roberts

NOT only by bread, were we children fed by my mother — but by cake and righteousness and the constancy of her presence; not only by bread, though it was always there — a fragrance on the day, the house, the street. And my mother's righteousness was as ever-present as the bread, as she was ever-present. Her rightcousness knew its boundaries. They were distinct boundaries, with good and evil clearly fenced, and with never a misty line between to baffle us. She lived within those boundaries and taught us to do the same. We sat in church of a Sunday; she saw to it. The very roots of memory seem to begin at the meetinghouse in the faint scent of talcum drifting from under the collar of her dress, the warmth of the hall releasing it in a sweet aura around her.

If food is one of the joys of life — and surely it is — then my mother gave us joy, daily. Oh, the mysteries she placed before our hunger — taken from the oven or the shiny black top of her coal range. And no one was ever forgotten. For the late or absent, the choicest portions were stored in the dark cavern of the warming-oven, safe and succulent, waiting to heal weariness or discouragement — luscious roast, beans baked brown with homemade chili sauce, parsnips boiled and then browned in butter, Danish dumplings exquisitely shaped, floating among tiny islands of golden fat where bits of green parsley grew like palms—there were the celestial lemon pies and the king of pies, dewberries, and brown betty with cream, rich and golden.

At the end of a day working in the fruit, or after a day's skating on the humped canals, or in the twilight following an afternoon's swimming in the creek, there waited the treasure at the end of the rainbowed hours: my mother's heavenly food and she, neat and clean, always there to serve it.

Only a few times a year she left us for a half day's shopping. The house was clean and unbelievably empty, and hollow, with a cold feeling even on the hottest days. We watched for her return and ran to meet her and carry the mysterious parcels with the strange goodies for us, which we always knew she had hidden away. Then the house was suddenly warm again, and the emptiness filled with her.

I, Too, Want to Be Useful

Aslaug S. Vaieland

IT was one day, not very long after I had come to this country as an immigrant, that something very pleasant happened to me. The President of Relief Society in our ward told me they were planning to have a ward dinner in a few days, and would I come along with a group of other women to help with the preparations for the dinner? First, I thought that I must have misunderstood her, but no, it was no mistake, she had really asked me to help with the preparations for the ward dinner, just as if I were in no way different from the others.

"Oh," I stammered, "do you really, really think that I can be of any use to you?"

"Of course," she answered, cheerfully. "Why not? We all know that you can do almost all the things that others can do."

Those were words I needed most to hear; they warmed my heart; gave me faith and confidence in myself; yes, they meant a lot to me.

You see, I am both blind and deaf, and I have grown used to the idea that people around me consider me as not being capable of doing anything very useful. Whenever I wanted to be of some kind of help, I was never accepted. "No, this is too dangerous for you"; "No, this is too hard for you"; or they were afraid I would spoil something. The only place on this earth where they thought I belonged was in a good comfortable chair. How could I make them understand how wrong they were and how much I longed to be among them and do my little share?

It is hard for others to realize that we handicapped also want to be useful persons, and try to live a normal life. Where there is a will, there also is a way, and if the handicapped person has the will, he can do almost anything; but he also needs the good will of those around him, the will to help him to help himself.

Just a couple of days ago, I was again asked to help with a dinner. There I was, crumbing an unbelievably great amount of bread, helping to mix it together with some other ingredients, so that the result would be a nice dressing for the turkeys. The kitchen was filled with activities, busy women went about doing their tasks, I could not see them, neither hear them, but I knew they were chatting. By the sense of smell and touch, I could tell what some of them were doing.

One of them came to talk to me; when people are talking to me, they have to use their hands, and this woman had some very wet and cold hands, so I knew she was cleaning vegetables. Then, too, another woman, not very far from me, surely was grinding onion, because my tears kept running, although I was especially happy that day.

I thought to myself as I stood there stirring in this mountain of dressing, they told me that this dressing was to be put in the turkeys, but to me it seems that the turkeys must be put in the dressing! That thought was so funny, that I could not help smiling. A woman must have been watching me, because she came and asked if I was having fun.

Soon I was on the move, I would

find myself at the stove, stirring in a huge kettle, and before I knew it, I found myself with a terribly dangerous bread knife in my hand, shredding lettuce.

Yes, I thought, they really have confidence in me, since they will trust this awful thing in my hands. Now I was neither in the way of others nor sitting in a comfortable chair, with my hands idle and only my own thoughts for company; now I was an important wheel in big machinery. The very thought made me happy.

I have been lucky in meeting people with the right attitude, and I'm so grateful that I, too, can be of some use, in a small way maybe, but the little wheels are as important as the big ones, are they not?

A Case for Contrast

Evalyn Miller Sandberg

Brown moments may be made to serve a purpose.
Suppose you were an artist with a brush:
Would you paint all your lines with equal accent
And never add a shadow's restful hush?

Could you portray upon the stage a story
So simple that it had no plot to solve?
Would you compose concertos or crescendos
Without soft modulation to resolve?

Brown moments may be made to serve a purpose.
Like moving shadows of a bird in flight,
They make time's course from dawn to fading sunset
And add new depth to scarlet-tipped delight.

Crossed Wires

Genevieve Van Wagenen

ONE of the late model cars has a clever little gadget or safety device which signals when one goes beyond the desired speed. If you are driving in the city, you set it for thirty miles per hour. Should you go over the thirty miles, a light flashes and a little buzzer rings until you slow to the proper speed. Thus you avoid difficulty with the law.

We, the people of this modern twentieth century generation, came equipped with a wonderful safety device — the same as all previous generations. This safety device has been called "conscience" and the "still small voice." Call it whatever you will, its purpose is to *remind* us to be honest and deal justly with our fellow men. It is a most valuable instrument. It develops understanding, brotherhood, and love. It insures peace and harmony — that's what we all *want!* But too few people ever hear the gentle buzzing of this delicate instrument. They have their wires crossed with a gadget called "greed" and "selfishness."

Annie Maria Spray Steel Makes Many Braided Rugs

ANNIE Maria Spray Steel of Oakley, Idaho, lost her sight soon after her eightieth birthday — but she did not lose her joy in new accomplishments. She took a course in typing from the records for the blind and became a proficient typist. In February and March of 1959, she visited with her daughter in Salt Lake City, Utah, where she was instructed in rug making by a teacher from the Center for the Blind. In one year she has made the rugs shown in the picture.

Mrs. Steel has served the Church in many capacities. As a girl of fifteen she served as Sunday School organist, and since that time her musical talents and training have been useful in many types of Church and community work. She has been a Relief Society member ever since her marriage and served as a ward president for many years. She attended the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, and now, at the age of eighty four, her memory is excellent. She is the mother of ten children and grandmother to eighteen.

Respite

Zara Sabin

I would like to find a quiet upland road
To ramble on, such a day as this . . .
A winding, twisting, wandering country road
To grant release when things have gone amiss.
I would dawdle down its dusty way, and pause
Upon its hills; feel the peace of wood
And glade and stream; remember not applause
Nor blame, but this: "God saw that it was good."

The Blue Bowl

PART II (*Conclusion*)

Loya Beck

MARY slipped off her coat, hanging it on its peg by the back door. Seeing the cupboard doors still standing wide, she walked wearily over to close them. The blue sugar bowl caught her eye, and lifting it into her hands, she felt of its hard-glazed surface.

She remembered when her white-haired father had painted this piece. She could see him now with his fine brushes working painstakingly in the dim light of his old workshop. He had promised her this set for her own, and had taken particular loving care in perfecting his work.

He had been working on this shining blue sugar bowl the day Mary had quietly slipped into his workshop and sat down by his side, laying her head lovingly on his shoulder, her arms about his neck. She was almost fourteen then, slender, fair-skinned and beautiful, with her heavy chestnut hair falling loosely about her shoulders. He had kissed her cheek and smiled at her knowingly, expecting to be charmed into some favor.

When she had told him of her desire to join The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, better known as the "Mormons," the smile had faded and he had said, "You are too young to think about religion, Mary."

"Oh, no, no," Mary had pleaded earnestly, "I'm not too young, I'm not."

Her request had been refused at first, but under the barrage of her persistent pleadings, Mary's father had finally allowed her to be baptized.

Awakened from her reminiscence by the sound of a familiar voice in the street outside, Mary quickly brushed away the tears that had stolen down her cheeks. Through the window she could see Tom talking to old Brother Rushton at the gate. She heard the words, *fire* and *outskirts of town*, and guessed that there had been another house-burning by the mob.

Taking leave of his neighbor, Tom hurried towards the house with long, swift strides. He was erect and tall, with wide shoulders and thick limbs. His boyish freckled face was rosy under his cap.

When Tom pushed open the door, Mary was there to greet him.

"How's my girl?" Tom smiled as he pulled off his cap, revealing a shock of unruly red hair.

"I'm fine, Tom," Mary answered. Trying to appear in a good humor, she slipped her arms about his neck and kissed him.

Tom cupped her chin in his big hand and searched every line of her features. He returned her kiss tenderly, the wrinkles in his brow deepening.

"At least you are cheerful," he said.

Without warning, he lifted her into his arms and carried her to the bed, laying her down as gently as if she were a porcelain doll.

"Tom, please, I can't lie here," Mary said, laughing. "There's supper, I haven't even started."

"I'm the cook tonight," Tom interjected. "I'll fix you up the best mulligan stew you ever tasted in your life."

"I've been through this before," Mary said, smiling, "I know your mulligan stews."

"Where's my son, still napping?" Tom questioned as he pulled off his coat and hung it next to Mary's.

"He should be waking, he has slept extra long this afternoon," Mary answered, letting her head relax into the pillow.

"I'll get him."

"Tom, did Mr. MacDowell find you?" Mary questioned.

"Yes, Mary, he found me—I accepted his offer, little as it was, we're lucky—blessed to get that. I haven't told you this before, but some of the brethren have about given up hope of selling out at all. The mobocrats know they can just walk in here and help themselves after we leave. We can use the cows and the rifle, too."

Mary felt her chin quivering, and she looked away from Tom. "All right, you know best," she answered softly.

TOM bounded up the stairs, and soon Alma's high-pitched shrieks of joy, coupled with his father's bellowing laughter, resounded down the steps.

Obeying orders, Mary stayed in bed while Tom fixed the supper, his two-year-old, red-haired counterpart by his side—helping. They sang old English nonsense songs full of life and fun, Alma shouting out the last word of each familiar phrase. In spite of the gaiety, Mary thought she noticed a droop in Tom's broad shoulders.

"Tom, when you set the table," Mary asked, "will you set it with mother's best linen tablecloth and my china and silver?"

"What's the celebration?" Tom inquired.

"Just being at home." Mary answered gravely. "*Just being at home*, Tom."

Later, when dinner was over and Tom had tucked Alma into bed for the night, he came down into the shadowed room where Mary was sleeping and sat down on the edge of the bed. Mary opened her eyes and he smiled down at her. "There's a dance tonight, want to go?"

"I'd love to go," Mary smiled. "But, I always believed three to be a crowd."

They laughed, and the laugh faded. Resting his elbows on his knees, Tom rubbed the palms of his hands together thoughtfully. "These have been happy days, Mary." His eyes stared into the blazing fire.

"They have been happy days for both of us," Mary answered warmly, reaching out slim fingers to touch his arm.

"Seeing the temple take shape before our eyes, working day and night alongside the brethren to build it. . . ."

"And selling all our spare clothing to get money enough to live on in the meantime," Mary chimed in, smiling. "Still we have been happy, really happy."

Tom looked down at his wife. Her brown curls were falling loosely over the pillow's crisp whiteness. The happy smile on her face did not hide the signs of illness there. Tom glanced away and bowed his head in the thought, why do they have to force us out now—in the dead of winter? He rubbed his mouth over the back of a clenched fist and

then buried his head in his hands. We told them we would leave in the spring—why couldn't they at least let us wait until spring?

"We know we are not alone, Tom," Mary reminded him calmly, running her free hand through his hair.

Tom bowed his head and prayed aloud so that Mary could share in his words. . . . The familiar closing words of Tom's prayer brought Mary the comfort she needed: "Hasten the day of thy judgment, O Lord," he said, "and he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

* * * * *

FEBRUARY 26, 1846, dawned clear and cold. A frigid northern blast spread a chill hand over Illinois. One wintery finger had dabbled in the mighty Mississippi, setting there a bridge of ice, reaching from shore to shore. Caravans of lumbering wagons streaked out across this glassy thoroughfare; the exodus from Nauvoo was already well underway, and the sounds of shouting men, the bawling of cattle, and the wails of children were captured in the frosty air. The vanguard company had set up camp six miles from the river at Sugar Creek, Iowa, with Brigham Young at the head.

Arriving at Sugar Creek in the late afternoon, Tom and Mary cleared away the snow in order to pitch a tent made from their wagon cover.

Later that night as the moon cast a white light across the hard crusted snow, penciling in the shadows from the winter-stripped trees along the creek, Tom found himself running for water and setting it to boil over the blazing fire he had built near the tent. When the tasks at hand were completed and the women who had come to help Mary had chased him away, Tom paced nervously about the camp, observing the activities of his fellow exiles.

A white city of tents and covered wagons had mushroomed during the day and more were still coming. Tom observed a rude hut in front of him as he walked. Its roof appeared to be made of loose bark, and its sides were formed by blankets fastened to poles stuck in the ground. A woman with a tiny baby on one arm was preparing supper over an open fire and trying to comfort three small children who clung to her skirts, crying from the cold. Those without wagon covers were fixing beds beneath their overloaded wagons.

"*Can you hear it,* Brother Lee?" a quivering voice questioned.

Tom turned to see old Brother Rushton coming up behind him. A sack of meal was slung heavily across his shoulders.

"Hear what?" Tom questioned.

"Why the *bell,*" the old man said. "Can't you hear the temple bell?"

Tom lifted his head and listened carefully, the cold air nipping at his cheeks. Faintly on the clear night air, the distant peal of the large bell atop the temple reached his ears. Tom looked down into the old man's withered face and saw tears streaming over his cheeks.

"Where's your camp?" Tom questioned gruffly as he lifted the sack of meal from the old man's bony shoulders and placed it on his own.

THE dawn slipped over the snowy horizon in somber silence. Mary lay in her drafty shelter,

wrapped in heavy quilts. Alma was bedded down with four other children in a neighbor's tent. In the curved shelter of her arm, snuggled close to her own body, Mary held the precious warmth of her newborn child. She could hear Tom conversing with Sister Remington outside the tent. Sister Remington had attended her throughout the night. She was not an experienced midwife, merely a mother of ten of her own, all living.

"How is she?" Tom was saying.

"She's a plucky little girl," the buxom, gray-haired mother answered. "The baby's fine, a healthy little girl. The birth was — well, it wasn't easy; but nothing serious, you understand. I think the milk leg is setting in; it'll be painful for her, but she'll get over it. I had it with six of mine. You go in to her now. I better get back to my own family. I'll be back soon as I see they get breakfast."

Mary heard the crunch of snow as Sister Remington hurried away. Pulling back the flap of the tent, Tom entered, bringing with him a fresh rush of frosty breezes. Reverently he tiptoed to the side of the mattress where Mary was lying. Removing his cap, he dropped to one knee. "How's my girl?" he whispered.

"Just fine," Mary smiled weakly. There was a moment of silence and an exchange of understanding glances. "See," Mary said, breaking the silence between them and pulling back the covers to reveal the small, red face beneath her arm.

"Let me hold her," Tom said. "I won't let her get cold."

Mary nodded, and Tom lifted the tiny bundle into his arms, sheltering her within his great open coat. He looked down at the sleepy little face in wonderment and rocked her gently back and forth in his arms.

"How is Alma? Have you seen him?"

"He is still fast asleep. He didn't fuss too much last night when I put him to bed. He was a pretty tired boy."

"He'll be pleased to have a sister."

"Won't he though?" Tom agreed, as he pulled back the coverlet to place the baby back in her mother's arms.

Then, reaching into his shirt, Tom brought out a round object wrapped in sheepskin. "Mary, I wanted to give you something . . ." he stammered, a rush of color rising into his cheeks. "You are pretty precious to me. I love you very much—I only wish I could give you. . . ." His voice faltered.

Mary unfolded the sheepskin covering to find, gleaming within it, in all its fragile loveliness, the blue sugar bowl. She fingered the bowl silently, a soft glow warming her pale cheeks. She looked up at her husband, her eyes wet, but shining. "This sugar bowl and happiness must go together, Tom," she said softly. "It looks as if we'll be taking them both with us."

Contemplation

Catherine B. Bowles

Happiness brings the sunshine,
While sorrow darkens the view.
No cloud will cast a shadow
Till the sun comes shining through.

Magazine Honor Roll for 1959

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

ON December 5, 1914, the President of the Church, Joseph F. Smith, sent a telegram from Ocean Park, California, to President Emmeline B. Wells, General Board of the Relief Society, as follows:

> Accept my sincere congratulations and heartiest greetings in honor of the birth of *The Relief Society Magazine*. May it enter upon its noble mission so firmly entrenched about by the bulwarks of worthy and capable endeavor and enduring truth that its career may be successful and glorious.
>
> (Signed) Joseph F. Smith

The General Board at this time would wish it possible that they might send a message or, better yet, give a personal expression of gratitude to every stake and ward *Relief Society Magazine* representative who has faithfully and diligently fulfilled her calling to bring about the excellent achievement in placing *The Relief Society Magazine* in the homes of 162,589 people throughout the world. This total is an increase of 7,961 subscriptions over the year 1958, a commendable increase. The career of the *Magazine* today would seem to be proving "successful and glorious," as President Smith wished for it, and the General Board earnestly endeavors to entrench it "about by the bulwarks of worthy and capable endeavor and enduring truth."

The record of the stakes in placing the *Magazine* in the homes of the Church is an encouraging one. In 1959 there were ninety stakes which had 100 per cent or over subscriptions in proportion to Relief Society members; in 1958 there were seventy-two. There are three fewer stakes not on the honor roll — twenty-eight as against thirty-one. There are 258 stakes on the honor roll, an increase of eleven. There are thirty stakes this past year which had every ward 100 per cent or over, and in 1958 there were only nineteen. There are 2016 wards on the honor roll in 1959, and there were 1912 wards in 1958 — an increase of 104 wards. The mean for all the stakes is ninety-one per cent as compared to ninety in 1958.

For the thirteenth consecutive year the South Los Angeles Stake leads the Church with the highest percentage — 192 per cent, and with the highest number of subscriptions — 1350. Of the ten stakes with highest ratings five stakes are in California, four in Idaho, and one in Utah. The wards are again led by the South Gate Ward of the South Los Angeles Stake with 341 per cent. Congratulations are extended to these and other stakes making outstanding records. Thirty-one have shown great increases, with Santa Barbara Stake leading, with an increase of thirty-nine per cent.

The missions have shown remarkable progress in 1959, and the General Board is happy to welcome the South African Mission among those on the honor roll which, with the Canadian Mission and the West Canadian Mission, are the ones represented outside Continental United States. The first place among the missions again goes to the West-

ern States Mission with 124 per cent. The highest rating of a district is the Platte Valley District of the Western States Mission, with 333 per cent. The mean for the missions on the honor roll has risen from eighty-five per cent in 1958 to ninety-one per cent in 1959, a marked increase. There are sixteen missions on the honor roll in 1959, as there were in 1958, but the mission branches on the honor roll have increased from 538 to 585, an increase of forty-seven branches.

Foreign-speaking missions which cannot subscribe to *The Relief Society Magazine* as do English-speaking missions express great appreciation to members of the stakes who send gift subscriptions to the General Board. These are allocated by foreign-speaking Relief Society mission presidents among members who can read English or whose children can interpret for faithful Relief Society mothers. *The Relief Society Magazine* is a binding tie among Relief Society members the world over. Its contents reflect earnest endeavor on the part of Latter-day Saint women writers to give the best of their thinking and ability for the advancement of their sisters. The programs of Relief Society presented by the General Board therein present truth and mirror facets to illumine all phases of Latter-day Saint women's work upon the earth. Again the General Board would express gratitude to each individual *Magazine* representative whose zealous efforts have spread the knowledge and inspiration and gospel truth found in the *Magazine* throughout the stakes and missions of the Church.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 192%
Magazine Representative—Amelia Dellenbach

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 341%
Magazine Representative—Bertha A. Whitehead

Mission

Western States Mission—124%
Mission *Magazine* Representative—Daisy R. Romney

Mission District

Platte Valley District, Western States Mission—206%
Magazine Representative—Irma M. Chandler

Mission Branch

Sidney Branch—333%
Platte Valley District, Western States Mission
Magazine Representative—Idona B. Richins

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	192	Amelia Dellenbach
Huntington Park	185	Rachel Liston
Glendale	184	Elsie Weber

Inglewood	141	Janet C. Madina
Rexburg	138	Beth Moore
Burley	129	Virginia Nichols
Oquirrh	129	Dorothy Smith
East Idaho Falls	121	Bertha Christensen
Monterey Bay	119	Louise Johnson
Shelley	119	Merle Young

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

Western States	124	Daisy R. Romney
Northern States	110	Vera C. Stratford
Canadian	105	Frances J. Monson
Northern California	99	Leta C. Pugh
Northwestern States	98	Helen K. Richards
West Central States	97	Anna C. Merrill
Central States	95	Peggy B. Sears
Eastern States	93	Olive L. Smith
Great Lakes	89	Vonda H. Christensen
New England	86	Alberta S. Baker

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	1350	Sugar House	896
Glendale	1265	Twin Falls	895½
Huntington Park	1165	Las Vegas	895
North Idaho Falls	991	Alpine	865½
Ensign	945½	Rexburg	863

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
Northern States	1280	British	881
Eastern States	1180	Southern States	862
Central States	1069	Central Atlantic	853½
West Central States	972	Great Lakes	760
Northwestern States	968	East Central States	755

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Over

Burbank	Maude S. McLatchie	North Davis	Helen W. Barber
Burley	Virginia Nichols	North Pocatello	Tura Hadley
Columbia River	Leah Rudd	Pasadena	Maude F. Lester
East Idaho Falls	Bertha Christensen	Rexburg	Beth Moore
East Long Beach	Margaret Bryan	St. Joseph	Nira P. Lee
East Pocatello	Verna Gridley	San Diego East	Shirleymae Jones
Glendale	Elsie Weber	Seattle	Laura C. Bronner
Granger	Veda L. Dew	Shelley	Merle Young
Granite	Wilma D. Wetzel	South Bear River	Dorothy B. Kerr
Highland	Faye M. Swaner	South Los Angeles	Amelia Dellenbach
Holladay	Lucille B. Crowther	South Salt Lake	Hannah Dietrich
Huntington Park	Rachel Liston	Weber Heights	Virginia P. Jensen
Inglewood	Janet C. Madina	West Boise	Myrtle B. Oborn
Las Vegas	Lila H. Leavitt	West Covina	Lucille C. Hales
Mt. Jordan	Rose A. Brown	Wilford	Amy Gerrard

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

Western States	124	Central States	95	Gulf States	85
Northern States	110	Eastern States	93	Western Canadian	83
Canadian	105	Great Lakes	89	California	83
Northern California	99	New England	86	South African	82
Northwestern States	98	North Central States	85	East Central States	77
West Central States	97				

Stakes by Percentages—1959

South Los Angeles	192	Columbia River	106	Santa Ana	100
Huntington Park	185	East Pocatello	105	West Pocatello	100
Glendale	184	Granger	105	Valley View	100
Inglewood	141	Granite	105	Mt. Rubidoux	100
Rexburg	138	Calgary	105	Washington	99
Burley	129	Nampa	105	Auckland	99
Oquirrh	129	Seattle	105	Malad	99
East Idaho Falls	121	St. Joseph	104	Blackfoot	99
Monterey Bay	119	Twin Falls	104	Ensign	99
Shelley	119	Walnut Creek	104	Orange County	99
San Diego East	113	Raft River	104	Bountiful North	99
San Diego	112	Bannock	104	Portneuf	99
Las Vegas	112	San Fernando	104	St. Johns	98
West Boise	111	Bountiful	104	Snowflake	98
Weber Heights	111	Bakersfield	103	North Seattle	98
North Idaho Falls	110	East Long Beach	103	Cottonwood	98
Idaho Falls	110	Kansas City	103	Granite Park	98
Torrance	110	Pasadena	103	Sugar House	97
Burbank	110	Boise	103	San Bernardino	97
New York	110	American Falls	103	Grantsville	97
San Joaquin	110	Lake View	103	Chicago	97
Box Elder	110	Bonneville	103	Moapa	97
West Utah	110	Cassia	103	Sacramento	97
East Sharon	109	South Bear River	103	Mt. Graham	96
Woodruff	109	Liberty	102	Beaver	96
Monument Park	108	Taylor	102	Portland	96
Highland	108	Wilford	102	Virginia	96
Grand Junction	108	Rigby	102	Santa Rosa	96
Mt. Jordan	108	Temple View	102	Cache	96
Olympus	108	University	101	Provo	96
Minidoka	107	Great Falls	101	South Summit	96
Holladay	107	North Box Elder	101	Santa Barbara	96
South Salt Lake	107	Juarez	101	Franklin	95
East Phoenix	107	Nyssa	101	Yellowstone	95
North Pocatello	107	Sevier	101	Kolob	95
West Covina	107	Pocatello	101	Clearfield	95
North Rexburg	107	Albuquerque	101	Park	95
East Rigby	107	Juab	101	Grant	95
Reseda	106	Los Angeles	101	Zion Park	94
Phoenix North	106	North Davis	100	Maricopa	94
South Idaho Falls	106	Parleys	100	Winder	94
Gridley	106	Wells	100	Norwalk	94
Long Beach	106	Bear River	100	Reno	94

STAKES BY PERCENTAGES (Continued)

East Millcreek	94	Oneida	86	Riverdale	79
Covina	94	South Carolina	86	Lake Mead	78
Young	94	San Luis Obispo	85	Orlando	78
Taylorsville	94	Lethbridge	85	Bountiful South	78
Riverside	93	Redondo	85	Detroit	77
Butte	93	Spanish Fork	85	Montpelier	77
Tampa	93	Kanab	85	Tucson	77
Millcreek	93	Phoenix	84	New Orleans	77
Yuma	93	Murray South	84	Farr West	77
Wasatch	92	Atlanta	84	Alpine	77
East Provo	92	Yakima	84	Pioneer	77
Santa Monica	92	San Mateo	84	Salmon River	77
Big Horn	92	West Sharon	84	Honolulu	77
East Mesa	92	San Antonio	84	Klamath	77
Ogden	92	Cincinnati	83	North Carbon	76
Nebo	91	South Davis	83	North Sacramento	76
Weiser	91	Springville	83	Hillside	76
Spokane	91	Mesa	83	Lorin Farr	76
St. Louis	91	North Sanpete	83	Carbon	75
Union	91	Cedar	82	West Jordan	75
Uintah	91	San Juan	82	Wayne	75
San Francisco	90	Oakland-Berkeley	82	Kearns North	74
Ashley	90	South Sanpete	82	Morgan	74
Lost River	90	East Jordan	82	Emery	74
Emigration	90	Parowan	82	South Sevier	74
Panguitch	90	Blaine	82	Duchesne	73
Whittier	89	Millard	82	Mt. Ogden	73
Mojave	89	Monument Park West	82	Hyrum	73
St. George	89	Teton	82	Houston	73
North Sevier	89	Deseret	82	Dallas	73
North Weber	89	El Paso	82	Kearns	72
North Tooele	89	Palo Alto	81	Logan	71
South Blackfoot	89	San Jose	81	Smithfield	71
Tacoma	89	Uvada	81	Willamette	71
Benson	89	Sandy	81	Weber	71
East Cache	89	Hayward	81	South Ogden	70
Mt. Logan	88	Southern Arizona	81	Orem	69
Star Valley	88	Lehi	80	Midvale	69
North Jordan	88	Ben Lomond	80	Florida	68
Sharon	88	Flagstaff	80	Lyman	68
Denver	88	Grand Coulee	80	Gunnison	68
Murray	87	Salt Lake	80	Orem West	68
Alberta	87	Timpanogos	80	Santaquin-Tintic	68
Palmyra	87	Missoula	80	Canyon Rim	67
Rose Park	87	East Los Angeles	80	Nevada	67
Tooele	87	East Ogden	80	Shreveport	65
Utah	87	Summit	80	Cannon	65
Garfield	87	Gooding	79	Lewiston	63
Richland	87	Bear Lake	79	Moroni	62
Davis	87	Humboldt	79	Oahu	48
Denver West	86	Roosevelt	79	Brigham Young University*	
Fresno	86	Cheyenne	79	Utah State University*	
Indianapolis	86	Layton	79	(*Limited Participation)	
Idaho	86	San Luis	79		

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1959

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta	699	609	87	Viola B. Wynder
Albuquerque	417	420	101	Della S. Miller
Alpine	1127	865½	77	Marvel D. Sunderland
American Falls	355	365	103	Enid W. Thornton
Ashley	483	436½	90	Maryetta Wardle
Atlanta	348	293	84	Pauline Gilbert
Auckland	316	314	99	Gertrude Grant
Bakersfield	461	477	103	Virginia C. Hodson
Bannock	361	375	104	Ida Sorenson
Bear Lake	515	408	79	Jean P. Budge
Bear River	514	515	100	Lottie R. Potter
Beaver	521	502	96	Beulah Wood
Ben Lomond	664	532	80	Violet H. Cottrell
Benson	575	510	89	Tess Christensen
Big Horn	847	779	92	Christie C. Harvey
Blackfoot	600	595	99	Lucille Wareing
Blaine	310	254	82	Walnah E. Byington
Boise	527	543	103	Effie Baxter
Bonneville	839	862	103	Laura Brann
Bountiful	428	443	104	Mary B. Waddoups
Bountiful North	480	474	99	Eunice H. Van Orden
Bountiful South	433	336	78	Louise S. Hanson
Box Elder	698	765	110	Naomi P. Larkin
Burbank	631	694	110	Maude S. McLatchie
Burley	629	811	129	Virginia Nichols
Butte	438	408	93	Harriet Millecam
Cache	594	568	96	Alice D. Griffin
Calgary	497	521	105	Vernetta Reed
Carbon	836	631	75	Gertrude W. Edwards
Cassia	385	395	103	Claudia Martin
Cedar	719	593	82	Venice W. Prince
Cheyenne	318	251	79	Rose Eads
Chicago	563	545	97	Florence G. Andrew
Cincinnati	241	201	83	Mildred Bang
Clearfield	541	514½	95	Beverly W. Stevenson
Columbia River	709	748	106	Leah Rudd
Cottonwood	514	504	98	Mabel R. Baker
Covina	458	430	94	Ardella Hackford
Davis	946	818½	87	Sarah B. Strong
Denver	413	362	88	Agnes T. Dykes
Denver West	376	325	86	Phyllis Mohler
Deseret	769	627½	82	Leatha Bennett
Detroit	412	319	77	Myrtle M. Moffett
East Cache	750	665	89	Ines B. Bergeson
East Idaho Falls	261	317	121	Bertha Christensen
East Jordan	647	531	82	Lila J. Reich
East Long Beach	490	507	103	Margaret Bryan
East Los Angeles	660	525	80	Valerie C. Baisley
East Mesa	822	755	92	Elva M. Brown
East Millcreek	448	421	94	Donna B. Greenwood
East Ogden	666	530	80	Mary Stirk
East Phoenix	655	702	107	Geneva Cluff
East Pocatello	500	527	105	Verna Gridley
East Provo	578	534	92	Jane S. Watkins
East Rigby	604	643½	107	Eileen Madsen
East Sharon	476	518	109	Hildegard P. Nicholes
El Paso	455	371	82	Florence N. Pierce
Emigration	532	479	90	Adeline Jensen
Ensign	954	945½	99	Pearl L. Whitney
Farr West	630	484	77	Bertha H. Palmer
Flagstaff	404	324	80	Ruth W. Palmer
Franklin	808	771	95	Phyllis W. Kingsford

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Fresno	552	477	86	Virginia Vetterli
Garfield	286	249	87	Lula Moore
Glendale	688	1265	184	Elsie Weber
Gooding	540	429	79	Agnes Shaw
Grand Coulee	525	421	80	Amy Kent
Grand Junction	427	459½	108	Josephine Prinster
Granger	549	579	105	Veda L. Dew
Granite	644	677½	105	Wilma D. Wetzel
Granite Park	620	605	98	Lythia Street
Grant	736	696	95	Olivia N. Fitt
Grantsville	502	486½	97	Ruth Rydalch
Great Falls	323	327	101	Glenna MacDonald
Gridley	569	604½	106	Ivy M. Brown
Hayward	624	504	81	Aura B. Kirk
Highland	549	594	108	Faye M. Swaner
Hillside	1047	793	76	Mae M. Hickman
Holladay	593	636	107	Lucille B. Crawther
Honolulu	430	329	77	Louise K. Kaanapee
Humboldt	240	190	79	Sarah Jordan
Huntington Park	631	1165	185	Rachel Liston
Idaho	418	360	86	Elizabeth L. Stevens
Idaho Falls	443	488	110	Erma W. Boyce
Indianapolis	300	259	86	Hazel M. Brinson
Inglewood	575	812	141	Janet C. Madina
Juab	515	519	101	Alligee L. Anderson
Juarez	100	101	101	Fannie B. Hatch
Kanab	469	397	85	Effie L. Sorensen
Kansas City	348	359	103	Venna T. Witbeck
Klamath	529	405	77	Marion Sander
Kolob	533	507½	95	Hilda W. Cherrington
Lake Mead	422	329	78	Magda Potter
Lake View	703	723	103	Mable Burgener
Las Vegas	799	895	112	Lila H. Leavitt
Layton	607	478	79	Dorsey Hodgson
Lehi	665	534½	80	Rosa Ashton
Lethbridge	723	615½	85	Thelma E. B. Derochie
Liberty	757	774	102	Ila C. Hatton
Long Beach	627	664	106	Margaret P. Bodine
Lorin Farr	681	515	76	Ella N. Christensen
Los Angeles	605	609	101	Verda M. Cohen
Lost River	305	275	90	Elaine Aikele
Malad	552	548	99	Maude Y. Jensen
Maricopa	729	688	94	Muriel Freeman
Mesa	960	793	83	Edith D. O'Barr
Millard	611	501	82	Josephine Wadsworth
Millcreek	354	327½	93	Martha J. Matern
Minidoka	657	705	107	Margaret H. Merrill
Missoula	430	343	80	Norma Ludlow
Moapa	281	272	97	Era C. Jones
Mojave	371	331	89	Ora Kidd
Monterey Bay	310	370	119	Louise Johnson
Montpelier	770	596	77	Lola McCammon
Monument Park	393	426	108	Sara Stone
Monument Park West	555	455	82	Marjorie S. Boyd
Mt. Graham	627	605	96	Annie B. Larson
Mt. Jordan	408	439	108	Rose A. Brown
Mt. Logan	707	625	88	Lola H. Gibbons
Mt. Rubidoux	735	732	100	Hilda Peel
Murray	494	431	87	Mabell A. Smith
Murray South	707	596	84	Beatrice M. Turner
Nampa	787	825	105	Ida N. Cafferty
Nebo	626	572½	91	Leona S. Crouch
New Orleans	387	298	77	Evelyn G. Talbert
New York	428	470	110	Thyra T. Stoddard
North Box Elder	664	671½	101	Ruth R. Black
North Carbon	437	334	76	Parthenia H. Rhead

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1959

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
North Davis	583	585	100	Helen W. Barber
North Idaho Falls	899	991	110	Eva J. Wilkins
North Jordan	405	356	88	Vonda L. Sharp
North Pocatello	573	612½	107	Tura Hadley
North Rexburg	621	662	107	Ethel K. Archibald
North Sacramento	814	622	76	Marguerite K. Richins
North Sanpete	671	554	83	Ruth E. Erickson
North Seattle	549	539	98	Chelta D. Brown
North Sevier	397	354	89	Rhea Mickelsen
North Tooele	487	432	89	Mary McKellar
North Weber	626	556	89	Nellie Opheikens
Norwalk	410	386	94	Helen D. McVey
Nyssa	429	433½	101	Catherine R. Roberts
Oakland-Berkeley	780	642	82	Vera Waindorf
Ogden	647	594	92	Chloe M. Summerill
Olympus	384	413	108	Lydia Russell
Oneida	670	575	86	Mada M. Larsen
Oquirrh	573	636½	129	Dorothy Smith
Orange County	365	362	99	Edna C. Mackay
Orlando	201	156	78	Leila Prevatt
Palmyra	667	581½	87	Paula C. Welles
Palo Alto	488	397	81	Vivian M. Anderson
Panguitch	465	416½	90	Verda Applegate
Park	765	724	95	Pearl E. Rohde
Parleys	469	470	100	Hazel S. Robison
Parowan	368	302	82	Mary L. Stubbs
Pasadena	731	754	103	Maude F. Lester
Phoenix	503	425	84	Florence M. Broberg
Phoenix North	517	550	106	Rose Openshaw
Pioneer	601	461½	77	Rura J. Woodall
Pocatello	467	471	101	Anna Egbert
Portland	740	713	96	Lela C. Clifford
Portneuf	465	459	99	Ada L. Parris
Provo	486	465	96	Myrtle M. Clayson
Raft River	192	209	104	Alice O. Neddo
Redondo	505	430	85	Margaret Gorman
Reno	694	653	94	Pearl Robison
Reseda	564	600½	106	Eleanor S. Christensen
Rexburg	625	863	138	Beth Moore
Richland	553	479	87	Beth H. Rowe
Rigby	786	799	102	Ruey A. Ball
Riverdale	620	487	79	Rhoda W. Priest
Riverside	721	672½	93	Bess Davis
Roosevelt	553	437	79	Katie Duncan
Rose Park	731	637	87	Marjorie J. Peck
Sacramento	590	571	97	Arvilla Sorensen
St. George	897	800½	89	Agnes S. Pickett
St. Johns	458	450	98	Glenda G. Pulsipher
St. Joseph	567	591	104	Nira P. Lee
St. Louis	189	171½	91	Tessie E. Lake
Salmon River	206	158	77	Keturah Moultrie
Salt Lake	808	648	80	Frances L. Kooyman
San Antonio	258	216	84	Elaine V. Drake
San Bernardino	627	608½	97	Valeer M. Jolley
San Diego	623	700	112	Lois Helm
San Diego East	543	612½	113	Shirleymae Jones
Sandy	579	468	81	Retha H. Sheriff
San Fernando	631	654	104	Cleo Hupp
San Francisco	535	484	90	Gertrude P. Terry
San Joaquin	638	700	110	Elizabeth Miller
San Jose	433	352	81	Louise Rimington
San Juan	576	475	82	Eloise B. Mahon

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
San Luis	508	400	79	Opal McDaniel
San Luis Obispo	213	182	85	Clara J. Nelson
San Mateo	490	412	84	Hazel E. Young
Santa Ana	436	436	100	Elvira Bollschweiler
Santa Barbara	315	301	96	Rita Sessions
Santa Monica	821	757	92	Geneve A. Cannon
Santa Rosa	542	520½	96	LaVaun L. Allen
Seattle	602	630	105	Laura C. Bronner
Sevier	846	854	101	Louise B. Sampson
Sharon	335	294	88	Dorothy H. Weight
Shelley	699	830	119	Merle Young
Snowflake	616	605	98	Adele H. Ballard
South Bear River	592	607	103	Dorothy B. Kerr
South Blackfoot	638	566	89	Agnes D. Cox
South Carolina	503	431½	86	Florence W. Watkins
South Davis	711	590	83	Gwen M. Horsley
South Idaho Falls	805	856	106	Violet Jaussi
South Los Angeles	702	1350	192	Amelia Dellenbach
South Salt Lake	524	562	107	Hannah Dietrich
South Sanpete	741	610	82	Ethel Hughes
South Summit	434	415	96	Thora R. Lambert
Southern Arizona	326	263	81	Maud Post
Spanish Fork	630	534	85	Virginia W. Gardner
Spokane	509	464	91	Pauline Bastian
Springville	570	472	83	Donetta Anthon
Star Valley	699	616½	88	Dorothy L. Worthen
Sugar House	922	896	97	Nellie J. Ehlers
Summit	343	273	80	Florella A. Faddies
Tacoma	709	629	89	Nettie M. Blake
Tampa	233	216	93	Inez Edwards
Taylor	691	706	102	Ruth Hovey
Taylorsville	326	305	94	Marjorie E. Coats
Temple View	775	788	102	Mabel E. Snow
Teton	509	416½	82	Merle F. Sewell
Timpanogos	741	593	80	Vera Matthews
Tooele	473	412	87	Jewel Holgren
Torrance	368	405	110	Toni Kimball
Tucson	531	411	77	Belva Jones
Twin Falls	859	895½	104	Carrie Webb
Uintah	454	411	91	Laura Simmons
Union	561	508½	91	Mar Jean Westerfield
University	576	582½	101	Maud W. Johnson
Utah	559	487	87	Bertha R. Memmott
Uvada	309	250	81	Vera Rowley
Valley View	511	509	100	Dorie N. Walton
Virginia	328	316	96	Cassandra L. Waddoups
Walnut Creek	567	591	104	Marie D. Barber
Wasatch	740	684	92	Leda E. M. Titus
Washington	702	698	99	Mary E. Stimpson
Wayne	314	234	75	LaVird W. Balle
Weber Heights	403	446	111	Virgia P. Jensen
Weiser	561	512	91	Irene H. Winegar
Wells	855	857	100	Edith H. Koelliker
West Boise	581	647	111	Myrtle B. Oborn
West Covina	451	482	107	Lucille C. Hales
West Jordan	1013	757	75	Vivian Ray
West Pocatello	430	430	100	Alta Holmes
West Sharon	324	272	84	Monte B. Harward
West Utah	649	711	110	Edith G. Baum
Whittier	450	402	89	Juanita Singley
Wilford	567	578	102	Amy Gerrard
Winder	363	342	94	Melba S. Thomas
Woodruff	552	600	109	Naomi B. Harris
Yakima	208	175	84	Ann H. Johnson
Yellowstone	818	780	95	Ida Garrett
Young	593	556	94	Iva Sterling
Yuma	267	247	93	Effie Nowland
Zion Park	387	365½	94	Pearl Stratton

MISSIONS ON HONOR ROLL—1959

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
California	411	340	83	Lela L. Udall
Canadian	667	700	105	Frances J. Monson
Central States	1123	1069	95	Peggy B. Sears
East Central States	980	755	77	Marie C. Richards
Eastern States	1266	1180	93	Olive L. Smith
Great Lakes	858	760	89	Vonda H. Christensen
Gulf States	488	414	85	Emma A. Hanks
New England	879	754	86	Alberta S. Baker
North Central States	648	551	85	Diana F. Child
Northern California	631	625	99	Leta C. Pugh
Northern States	1213	1280	110	Vera C. Stratford
Northwestern States	987	968	98	Helen K. Richards
South African	269	220	82	Holly W. Fisher
West Central States	1005	972	97	Anna C. Merrill
Western Canadian	760	634	83	Lila A. Arave
Western States	553	687	124	Daisy R. Romney

Pepper Tree

Louise Morris Kelley

Combed-out gusts of green wind
Caught upon a seven-pronged stick
Tremble with remembered blowings
Though the air be still.

Prairie School

Lula Walker

She toured her grandson's brand new school
Equipped with every modern tool
Of learning. What could this structure lack?
But Grandma's thoughts went straying back
To school days in a prairie soddy.
Dust storms that choked her, blinding sleet,
White drifts, waist high as floundering feet
Sought dirt-floored room, queer place to hold
A school. Wood stove, no match for cold,
But basking in its feeble glow
While through wide cracks wind sifted snow,
Eager children fired with yearning
Caught crumbs from teacher's loaf of learning.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Madge Christensen

NEBO STAKE (UTAH), FOURTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES FLOAT FOR ANNUAL NEBO HOMECOMING DAYS CELEBRATION

Madge Christensen, President, Nebo Stake Relief Society, reports: "Titled 'Relief Society in the Heart of the Ward,' this float was a contribution from the sisters of the Fourth Ward, Nebo Stake, Payson, Utah, to the annual Homecoming Days celebration in September 1959. The float was on a white satin background. A blue satin pleated band circled the raised platform which was rounded in front. The hearts were the lovely Relief Society colors — a gold satin heart with bars of blue cellophane, the big heart being bedded in blue cellophane plumes.

"On the float was a young mother, Margene Wilson, with little Shanna Johnson, on the opposite side of the picture. Facing the camera was Debra Herbert, all three dressed in blue satin.

"Gladys Wilson is president of the Fourth Ward Relief Society, with Echo Durrant and Georgia Durrant as co-chairmen of the float."

Photograph submitted by Ilah K. Smith

DENVER STAKE (COLORADO) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, December 28, 1959

Front row, center section, beginning third from right: Ilah K. Smith, President, Denver Stake Relief Society; reading to the right: Helen Thornton, First Counselor; Gwen Maxwell, Second Counselor.

Second row, center section, left to right: Gladys Rusk, stake visiting teacher message leader; Relief Society High Council representative Arden B. Olsen; President Theodore Christensen of the Stake Presidency; sixth from the left: Daisy Carlock, stake organist; at the end: Reta Beck, stake chorister.

Sister Smith reports that this event was a special stake function during the Christmas season and was held after showing the film "Unto the Least of These." Approximately 130 attended and all very much enjoyed the occasion.

Photograph submitted by Nelda Willis

GARFIELD STAKE (UTAH), BOULDER WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT VISITING TEACHING FOR FOUR CONSECUTIVE YEARS

Front row, left to right: Leona C. Lyman; Fae H. Jeppsen, visiting teacher message leader; Idona A. Haws; Alice Alvey.

Second row, left to right: Flora M. Baker; Renon S. Peterson; Esther P. Coleman; Geraldine K. Shurtz.

Back row, left to right: Blom H. Ormond; Dorothy N. Lyman; Lenora H. LeFevre.

Nelda Willis is president of Garfield Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Janet Maughan

SAN LUIS OBISPO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 25, 1959

Front row, seated, beginning third from the left: guest conductor Norma Jones; Janet Maughan, President, San Luis Obispo Stake Relief Society; Charlotte Main, First Counselor; Anna Dee Packer, Second Counselor; Clara Nelson, Secretary-Treasurer; Loa Clark, chairman, stake music committee.

Photograph submitted by Mary E. Cutler

GLENDALE STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ELYSIAN PARK WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS BAZAAR, December 1959

Left to right: Veatrice R. Poulson, President; Rita H. White, Work Director Counselor; Elizabeth Kelly, Work Meeting Leader; Wanda H. Petrovich, Secretary-Treasurer.

Among the beautifully made items featured at this outstanding bazaar may be seen the lovely quilts, some of them designed in colorful applique. Also featured were aprons, embroidered and crocheted pillowslips, doilies, tea towels, pot holders, toys, and many other handmade articles.

Mary E. Cutler is president of Glendale Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitttd by Maude Warren

CARBON STAKE (UTAH), DRAGERTON SECOND WARD SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT THE NOVEMBER SPECIAL SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE, 1959

Maude Warren, President, Carbon Stake Relief Society, reports: "This picture is of the newly created Dragerton Second Ward Singing Mothers. They sang for the first time at the November 1st special Sunday evening services. Vada Anderson, the President, is second from the left on the front row."

Photograph submitted by Ruth Millet

RIGBY STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CHRISTMAS PROGRAM, December 1959

Front row, left to right: Ruth R. Braegger; Mary A. Lewis; Louise Hebdon; Jane F. Green; Chloe C. Later.

Second row: Mary DaBell; Lola Y. Jones; Mary E. Fife; Electra P. Field; Caroline G. Miller; Mary Martin; Margaret Wood; Lydia B. Dunn.

Third row: Clarissa C. Hall; Nancy Merrill; Merle Jenkins; Roberta Keller; Florence Hardy; Elizabeth B. Harker; Gladys Chapman; Ella Martin.

Fourth row: Ruth Ellis; Ella Quinton; Harriet P. Green; Artemissia H. Andersen; Pearl C. Baron.

Ruth Miller, President, Rigby Stake Relief Society, reports that each of these visiting teachers has served twenty-five years or more. Some have served over forty years, and Louise Hebdon has served for fifty-two years.

This lovely holiday testimonial was under the direction of the stake Relief Society board. Christmas music provided a spiritual background for the occasion and a Christmas message was presented by Rigby Stake President George Christensen. The film "Unto the Least of These," showing the blessings and opportunities of visiting teaching, was presented. For the social period, following the program, punch and Christmas cookies were served.

Photograph submitted by Hattie Wallentine

BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO), BLOOMINGTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS DEMONSTRATION OF THE VALUE OF *THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE*

Front row, seated, left to right: Cleone Payne, Secretary-Treasurer; Margaret Painter, Second Counselor; Gladys Jacobson, President; Maud Bateman, First Counselor.

Second row, seated, left to right: Ruth Thornock, *Magazine* representative; Pearl Bateman; Letha Madson; Violet Nelson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Nadine Nelson; Vera Haddock; Lark Bateman; Deltha Painter; Ruby Dunford; Lula Reese; Inez Findley.

Hattie Wallentine, President, Bear Lake Stake Relief Society, reports: "The reproduction of the *Magazine* on a large scale, and in color, was painted by Irene Mumford. The script was prepared and spoken by Nadine Nelson. All of the officers and class leaders of the Bloomington Ward Relief Society took part in the demonstration. The setting was very effective, with the beautiful large reproduction of the *Magazine* and the other colorful *Magazines* placed around the stage. On the piano was placed a large globe map of the world, depicting the idea that the *Magazine* is read all over the world. After the various sisters had told of their interest and enjoyment of the different articles, stories, poems, editorials, lessons, etc. representing women from all parts of the world, Lark Bateman gave a beautiful musical reading aimed at telling the story of the literary people of the New World, and interesting the sisters in the literature lessons. This demonstration was first given at our stake leadership meeting, but we felt that it was so very fine that we asked for it to be repeated at our stake visiting teachers convention where 183 women were in attendance."

Photograph submitted by Mazie S. Christensen

ASHLEY STAKE (UTAH), DUTCH JOHN BRANCH
RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Dea Blosch, Secretary-Treasurer; Erma Wood, Second Counselor; Lyle Coon, First Counselor; Hilda Morrell, President.

Mazie S. Christensen, President, Ashley Stake Relief Society, reports: "The Dutch John Branch Relief Society was organized November 1, 1959, and held an opening social on November 11th, at which function twenty-eight women were delightfully entertained. Much interest and enthusiasm have been displayed by officers and members as they have gone forward in perfecting their organization and in carrying out the instructions of the General Board. Dutch John is a small trailer town located near the Flaming Gorge Dam on Green River, which dam is now under construction. The community is a branch of Ashley Stake and is located about forty-five miles northeast of Vernal, Utah."

Girl Graduate

Ida Elaine James

Heart of my heart, you are going now.
I cannot keep you, nor
Pinion wings. True love must allow
That flight is what wings are for—
To life—through life's open door.
Now you may journey, east or west.
Know, dear, the charts are few;
But, for your compass, all the best
Of me shall go with you,
Craving all things that are lovely,
Praying for all things true.

Recommended Music for Relief Society Choruses

Ladies Three Part

( ) Come Ye Blessed of My Father—Madsen.. .20
( ) Forth in Thy Name, O Lord I Go—Madsen ..... .20
( ) Go Ye Forth with My Word—Madsen.. .25
( ) Incline Your Ear—Wilkes ..... .25
( ) In Thy Form—Madsen ..... .20
( ) Let the Mountains Shout for Joy—Stephens ..... .20
( ) Lord, We Dedicate this House to Thee—Madsen ..... .20
( ) Music—Marsden ..... .20
( ) My Redeemer Lives —Gates ..... .20
( ) O Lovely Land, America—Madsen .... .20
( ) Open Our Eyes—Macfarlane ..... .25
( ) Send Forth Thy Spirit—Schuetky ..... .20

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June 1960

MEXICAN TOURS
June 1960
Also student tour in June 1960. Visit Book of Mormon places.

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June 20, 1960

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July 2nd through 9th, 1960

HILL CUMORAH PAGEANT
July 22, 1960

Twenty-three days, including Boston, Washington, New York, and Chicago. Top broadway show will be seen. Church historical places will also be visited such as Nauvoo and Adam-Ondi-Ahman.

GUATEMALA

Book of Mormon Archeological Sites. Tour leaving August 20, 1960.

ESTHER JAMES TOURS
460-7th Avenue
Salt Lake City 3, Utah
Phone: EM 3-5229

Beneath a Song
Sparrow's Nest

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Yesterday's speckled eggs
Are shards on the ground,
Empty, immaculate,
Once full and round.

All eager mouths and eyes,
Fledglings protest
Hunger's sharp urgency
Crowding the nest.

Eggs, shards, and noisy young —
Whence do these spring:
Melody to the throat?
Flight to the wing?

When Parents Play

Ruby Dee Christensen

THE hot ball of sun had set. Now, as rosy twilight deepened into quiet night, I was back again in the delightful land of childhood, a scrawny eight-year-old, complete with skinned knees, missing teeth, tangled curls, and daydreams.

It was weekly family night and companionably grouped on the front lawn was the whole family. This particular evening held a special charm for me as there would be a full moon. Lying on the cool, thickly-matted, green grass, I hugged myself in eager anticipation.

Family night was always grand. On cold winter evenings we would gather about a large wood-burning stove. With the north wind blowing eerily outside, Dad, a master raconteur, would enthrall us with tales of his youth in the Oklahoma Territory. Or, by the light of old-fashioned kerosene lamps, we might play charades, dominoes, or some other parlor game. Sometimes Dad would play his fiddle and call square dances while my older brothers and sisters formed a square and do-si-doed around the room. Sometimes we could persuade our shy little mother to play the guitar and sing folk songs or ballads, but, mostly, she was content to sit back and admire the remarkable (to her) talents of her family.

Each child, and there were nine of us, was given opportunities to perform by reciting, singing, dancing, drawing, or doing anything we considered entertaining. Mother always had steaming mugs of hot chocolate, popcorn, or some other tasty refreshment to round out our evening.

IN the summertime we always stayed outdoors on the grass. The lawn was our pride and joy and our one extravagance. Bright emerald green and springy underfoot, it kept its rich texture by faithful, abundant watering

On summer family nights we would usually relax in silence for a brief time. We would listen to a chorus of frogs at the nearby pond and watch fireflies send out signals with their tiny lanterns. The gay, twinkling stars in the black velvet sky seemed almost close enough to touch. Dad would point out constellations and tell us the legends behind them.

Often neighbors or my older sisters' beaux joined us. We would have community singing or the men would tell "Can you top this?" stories. Mother would serve cookies or doughnuts and cold milk. On rare occasions we had a real treat — homemade ice cream.

It was all wonderful fun, but the few times family nights came when there was a full moon were, to me, the best nights of all. We would gather as usual in the front yard. Then, when the moon arose, the whole family, including Mother and Dad, would play hide and seek.

Moonlight is just sheer magic! Washed by its silvery beams the house, the trees, Mother and Dad, myself, my brothers and sisters all seemed enchanted. As we hid in moon-flecked shadows shivering with joy, our laughter sounded like silver

bells. We rushed on winged feet to count ourselves in free before whoever was "it" could discover our hiding places. Harmony prevailed: no harsh dissonance disturbed the even tempo of the evening.

At last, when our eyes grew heavy, Dad would have us kneel in the light of the moon for family prayer. Contented, we would go to bed and fall dreamlessly asleep.

Of course I now realize that Mother and Dad were the magic of our family nights. They were wise enough to realize what it means to children to have their parents *play* with them. In spite of long, arduous days of farm work, they truly enjoyed themselves when joining us in play. I am grateful to them for my sweet memories, especially those joyous, carefree times we played hide and seek in the moonlight.

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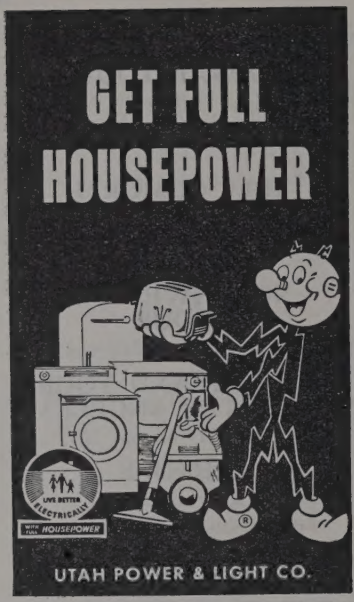

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Inheritor of Beauty

Vesta N. Fairbairn

When I look up at night
At trillions of firefly stars
My mind takes winged flight.
Such special beauties are
Mysterious to me,
As awesome and remote
As all infinity,
Beyond me to connote.
Yet here on earth am I
Created and blessed to know
This majesty of sky,
Star light, star bright, star glow.

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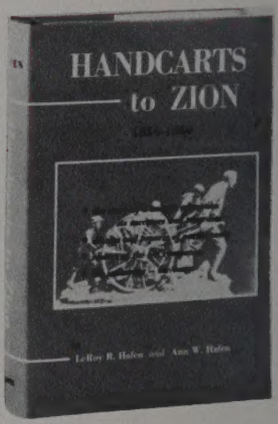

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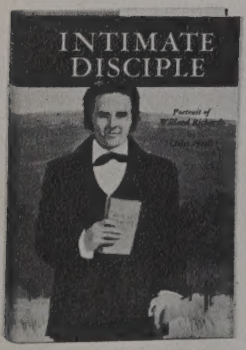

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